SCREENLAND

September 15¢

· The HOLLYWOOD MRS. BABE RUTH (Claire Trevor) talks about "THE BABE"! ·

MPHREY BOGART
LAUREN BACALL
in "Key Largo"

Exciting Drama ★
★ *Novelized* in This Issue

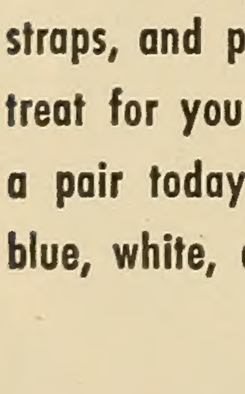


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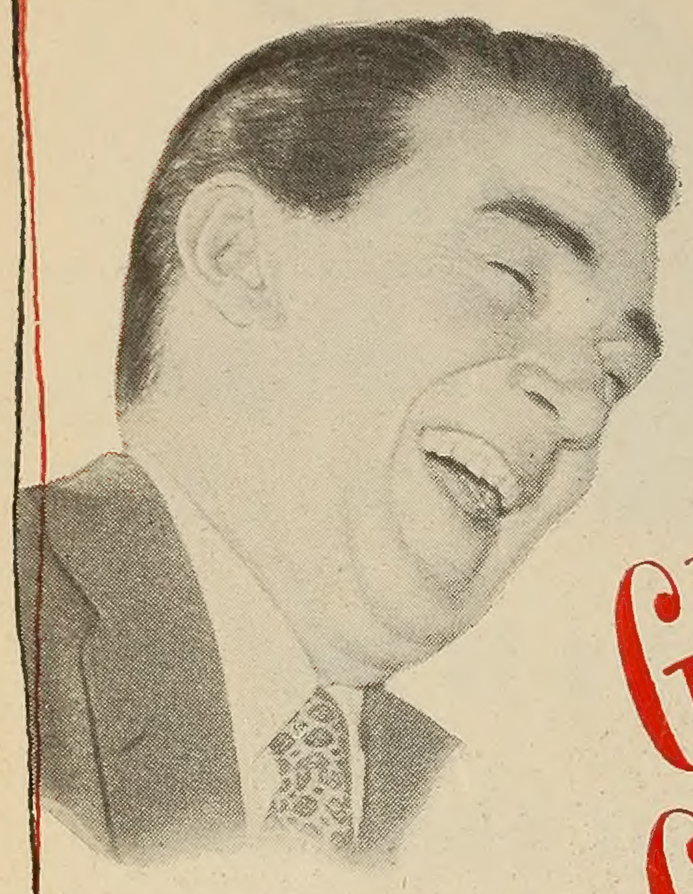


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★ ★

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Don't be Half-safe!



by VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

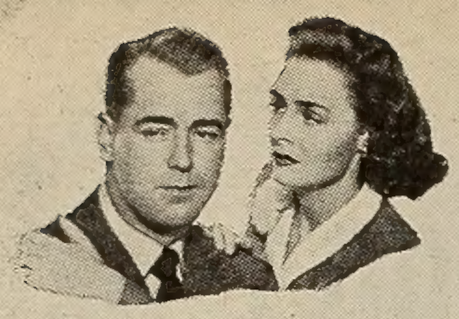
Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

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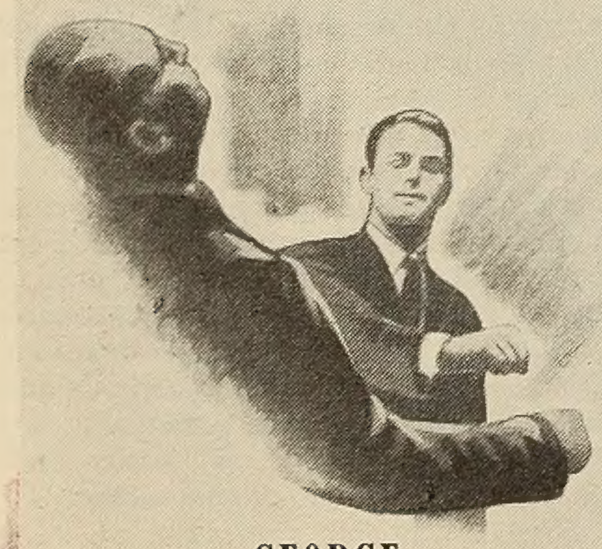


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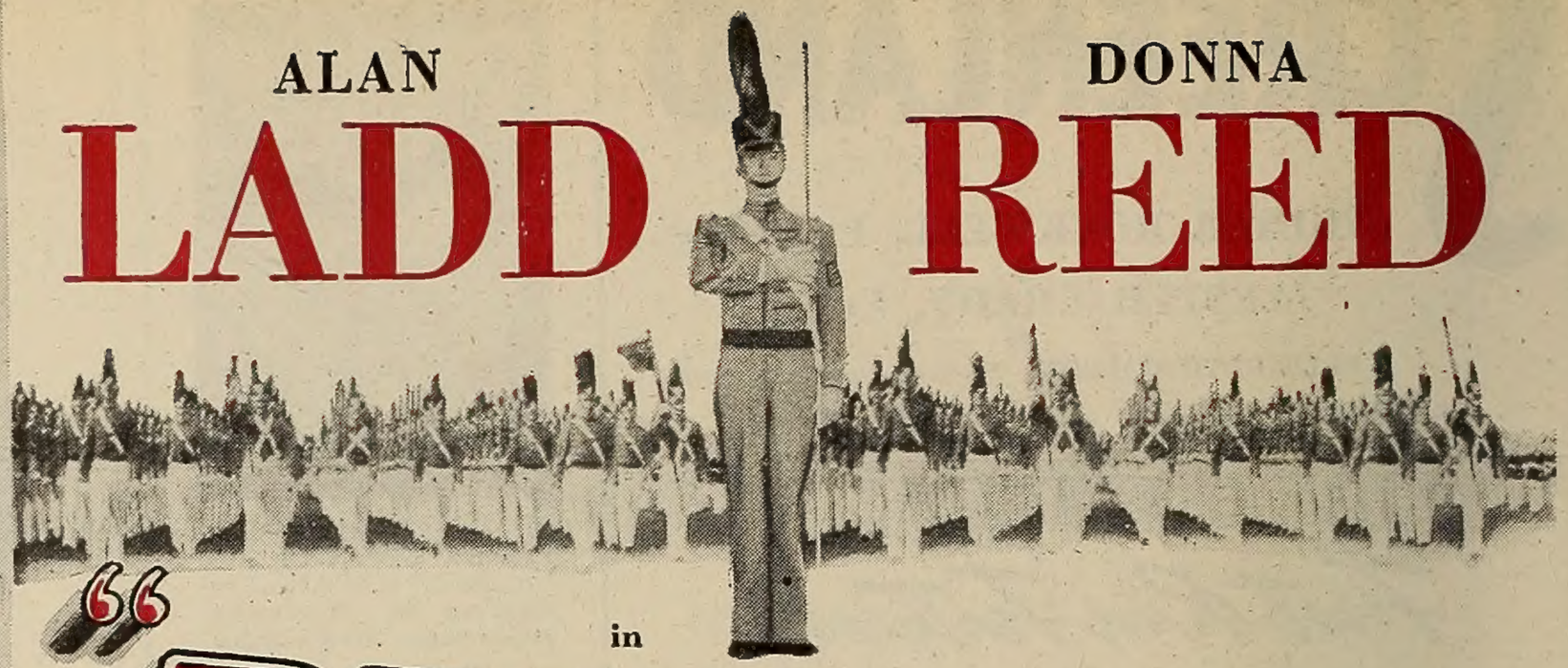


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GEORGE
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TRAVERS

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Directed by
JOHN FARROW

Original Screenplay by Jonathan Latimer, Charles Marquis Warren and William Wister Haines

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Ladd Lovers Will Shout: "I Told You So!" People Who Have Never Seen Him Before Will "Discover" A Great New Dramatic Star!



The Louis Jourdans and David Nivens at Wynn Rocamora party. David, after Goldwyn's "Enchanted," sails to England for remake of "Scarlet Pimpernel."

Hot From Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD headache department! Within ten days of completing "The Countess Of Monte Cristo," it was decided to remake practically all of it. For one thing, Sonja Henie didn't look like the lovely little polar pixie of former pictures. A new director was assigned, too. The final results, however, were worth all the woe.

It was Bob Hutton's birthday. He was working in "The Younger Brothers," (his first Western) *so what could be more appropriate than the Western birthday cake designed by his beautiful wife, Cleatus. It was served at the Somerset House where they had dinner. On top of the cake there was a chocolate bucking broncho and a sugar cowboy. The sides were decorated with whipped cream*



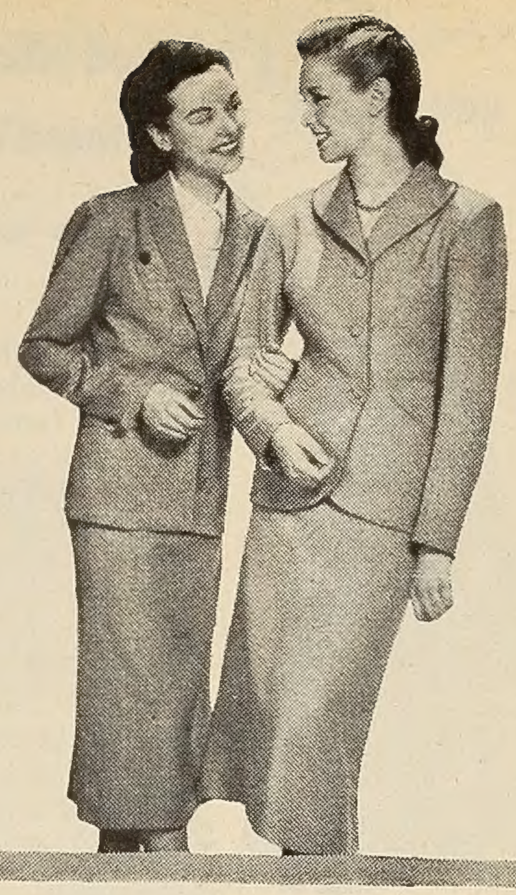
Fred MacMurray and wife at premiere of his RKO starrer, "Miracle Of The Bells."



Joan Crawford, next in Warners "Flamingo Road," at Rocamora party with Greg Bautzer.



Frank Sinatra at his "Miracle" premiere. He's papa to a new baby girl, born Father's Day.



a Red-Head tells a Blonde the Facts about Tampax

Alert to all things modern, this young titian-top has something to say on the subject of Tampax for monthly sanitary protection.

RED-HEAD: *Isn't Tampax marvelous—the way it takes the place of the whole belt-pin-pad contraption? Do you use it?*

BLONDE: I've been thinking very seriously about it and wondering whether I should.

RED-HEAD: *Millions of women use Tampax and are you any different from them?*

BLONDE: Tampax must be good to be so well liked. I'm converted.

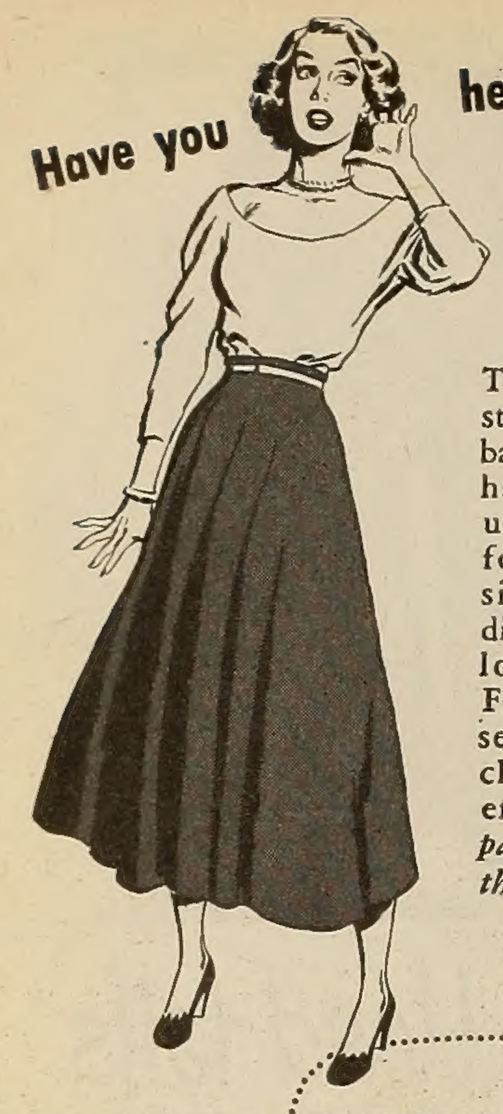
RED-HEAD: *You'll be surprised at how* FREE *it makes you feel and how much it improves your morale at such times!*

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of surgical cotton compressed in applicators. In place, it is invisible and unfelt. No belts, pins or external pads. No bulges or ridges under dresses. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal....Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug and notion counters. Month's supply fits into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

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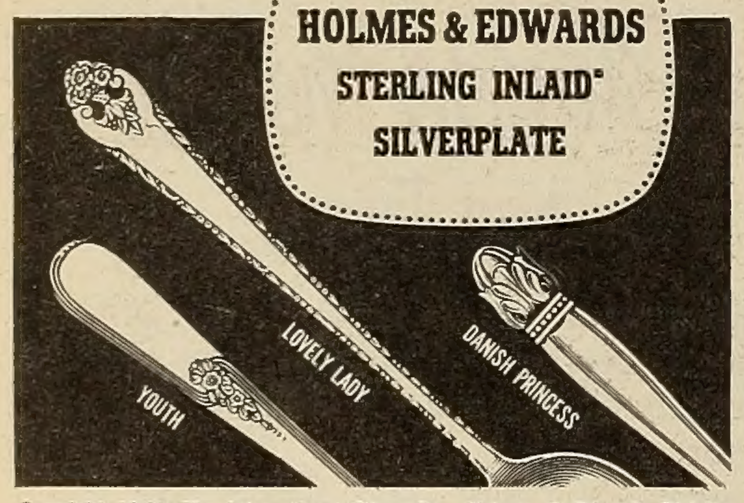


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Top Left: George Murphy chats with table neighbor, John Payne, at Stork Club.

Above: Wayne Morris and Jack Carson at Borzage golf tourney for Cancer Fund.

Left: Pat and Cornel Wilde are happy about Columbia's plan to co-star them.

cactus. When Bob cut the first slice, he was so happy he couldn't think of a thing to wish for!

—o—

In "You've Gotta Stay Happy," there's a scene where Joan Fontaine marches to the altar. When they handed her the bridal bouquet, Joanie took one look at the artificial orchids. She felt they didn't look real and called a halt to production. While everyone waited a messenger was dispatched for the real thing. Realism, thy name is Hollywood.

—o—

Aside from "Moonrise" (*which he did on loanout to Republic*), Dane Clark hasn't been very happy with the roles assigned to him. Except for a couple of tempestuous visits to the front office, he's been conspicuously absent from the Hollywood scene. Rumor has it that great Dane's in the doghouse with his studio.

—o—

According to Red Skelton: *"It's so difficult to find a place to live in Hollywood, even Boris Karloff is haunting for a house!"*

—o—

All kidding aside, Bob Hope's back trouble is so agonizing he has to wear a thick leather belt. But even under these conditions, he couldn't resist a wisecrack on the set of "Sorrowful Jones." Lucille Ball noticed his face was drawn with pain. "How did it happen, Bob?" she inquired sympathetically. "I strained my back helping Crosby lift his wallet," came the ready answer.

—o—

A Tracy never forgets! Not when he hears that Clark Gable has to smoke a big fat cigar in "Command Decision." Spencer remembered how Clark hated the last one he smoked four years ago in a picture. So, the day they shot the scene, Mr. T. sent cigars to everyone on the set, with instructions to light up and "help" Gable give a good performance! Clark's already planning his revenge.

—o—

Irony of Fate Dept.: *Last year Merle Oberon gave Cole Porter a dog for his birthday. The famous composer promptly fell in love with his pet. Then he had to go to New York for a checkup on*



June Haver with the Johnny Weismullers at Runyon Cancer Fund golf tournament.



...THEY MEET IN KEY LARGO



The far-famed Maxwell Anderson play is given new scope and tremendous excitement on the screen!

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EDWARD G. **ROBINSON**

LAUREN **BACALL**

WARNER BROS. PRESENT **KEY LARGO** A STORY AS EXPLOSIVE AS ITS CAST!

with LIONEL **BARRYMORE** CLAIRE **TREVOR**

and THOMAS GOMEZ · JOHN RODNEY · DIRECTED BY JOHN HUSTON · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Richard Brooks and John Huston • Based on the Play by MAXWELL ANDERSON As Produced on the Spoken Stage, By the Playwrights Company • Music by Max Steiner

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Hot From Hollywood

those legs that were so badly crushed by a falling horse. Back to Hollywood he came with the news that he might never have to be operated on again. Cole walked into his house. His devoted dog gave a yelp for joy—and leaped. Poor Cole is back under the doctor's care.

—o—

Why we like John Garfield: Because he takes his work seriously—and never himself. Because he always has time to be warm and friendly. Last and not least, because he has genuine enthusiasm, especially for the talent of others. That's why he canvassed the booths in the Vine Street Brown Derby, telling everyone about newcomer Beatrice Pearson's great performance in "Tucker's People"—which is also John's new movie.



Aqua star, Esther Williams, seen dancing at dinner party at Ciro's with Glenn Ford.

—o—

Here's hoping we're not letting that well-known cat out of the bag. Their studio bosses are planning a surprise nursery for Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston, who are eagerly awaiting their first baby. A novel feature will appropriately be the specially designed wallpaper. It's a pink musical note pattern, set against a blue background.

—o—

Robert Walker's got it bad—and that's very good. Up until the night he met Barbara Ford, at a dinner given by the Mark Stevenses, Bob looked as bored and unhappy as he felt. But all that's changed. Barbara, who is the daughter of the famous director, John Ford, doesn't want to become an actress. She doesn't particularly like night clubs or large Hollywood parties. But she does *like being Mrs. Robert Walker.*

—o—

Ann Blyth can't make up her mind about that moustache *(his first)* that boyfriend Farley Granger grew for "Take Three Tenses." Speaking of Sam Goldwyn's juvenile star, this is his first picture since the War. *("Your Red Wagon" and "Rope" were made off the lot).* Farley was so nervous, after blowing several lines,



Joan Fontaine, with her producer-husband, William Dozier, at "Emperor Waltz" preem.



The Rex Harrisons, successfully surviving recent rift rumors, at "The Emperor Waltz."



Alan Ladd and Bob Hope trade gags before showing of Paramount's "The Emperor Waltz."

he cracked: "They ought to change the title to—"Three Tense Takes."

—o—

Hollywood couldn't be more amused. For a long time Gene Tierney has hoped her little Daria might have a baby brother. So the stork cooperated while Gene was in the midst of making—"That Wonderful Urge!" Her maternity wardrobe will set motherhood ahead a hundred years. It's very glamourous and designed by Gene's husband, Oleg Cassini.

—o—

Seeing Gary Cooper's Brentwood home ablaze with lights, a frantic neighbor rang his bell. Hearing excited voices at the door, Gary went to investigate. "Oh, Mr. Cooper," the good neighbor sighed in relief. "When I saw all the lights, I thought something strange was going on." "It is," Gary answered drily. "We're giving our first party in seven years!"

—o—

There was a time when movie stars turned up their high-priced noses at stage offers. But not since Henry Fonda made his sensational New York hit in "Mister Roberts." Hollywood agents *(for a change)* are working overtime, trying to find good theatre properties for their eager clients. In the meantime, Hank Fonda can sign with any Hollywood studio at any price.



Jess Barker with wife, Susan Hayward, and Pat O'Brien enjoy canapes at Rocamora party.

How original can you get? Frank Sinatra's home in Palm Springs has many novel features, but topping them all is the swimming pool. It's designed and constructed in the shape of a huge grand piano. The first time a well-known comedian saw it, he turned to Frankie boy and cracked: "It's a good thing this wasn't designed for Jane Russell!"

—o—

Unlike most of the stars who have "discovered" oil painting, Vic Mature knows he isn't a second Rembrandt. In fact, he doesn't even have the nerve to take his "masterpieces" in and have them framed. "So I take the canvases in and have them framed first!" *he grins. "Then I can paint with an easy conscience!"*

—o—

Normally, Ricardo Montalban is as warm and friendly as a puppy. But now the sparks are flying. Because "The Kissing Bandit" was slow in action, he had to step in and do a specialty dance to pep up the production. He hasn't worked since, his studio won't okay a loanout and they won't release him from his contract. He wants to act *(not dance)*, but with *nothing* to do, he's more restless than Leo the Lion.

—o—

Red Skelton is so-o-o unhappy at MGM and would love to work at Columbia, where he was on loanout for "The Fuller Brush Man." On the other hand, Larry Parks is so-o-o unhappy at Columbia and would love to work at MGM, where his wife, Betty Garrett, is under contract. If only they swapped movie stars—instead of horses!



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS



Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Claire Trevor in "Key Largo," melo masterpiece.



Leo Genn and Rosalind Russell romance in "The Velvet Touch." Right: Farley Granger, James Stewart in artistic thriller, "Rope."

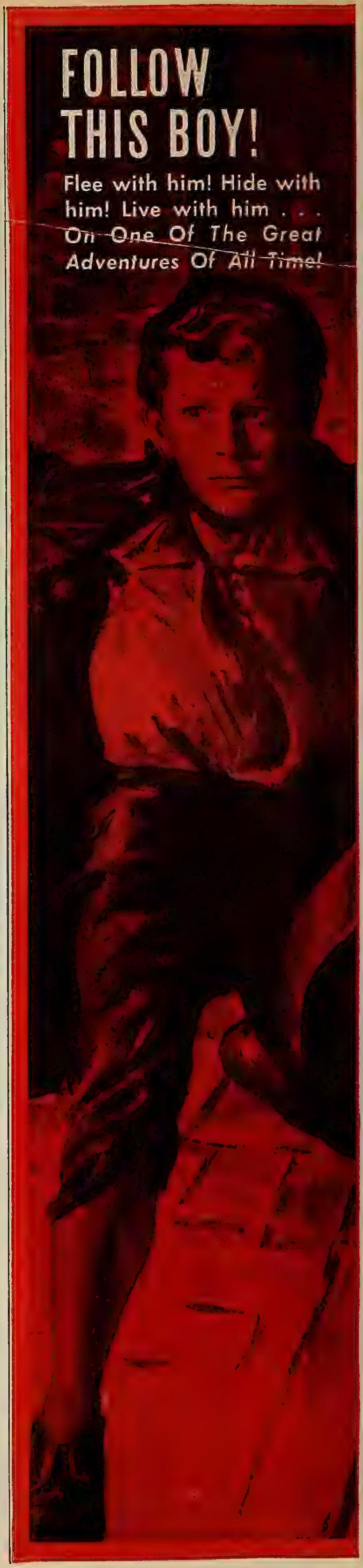


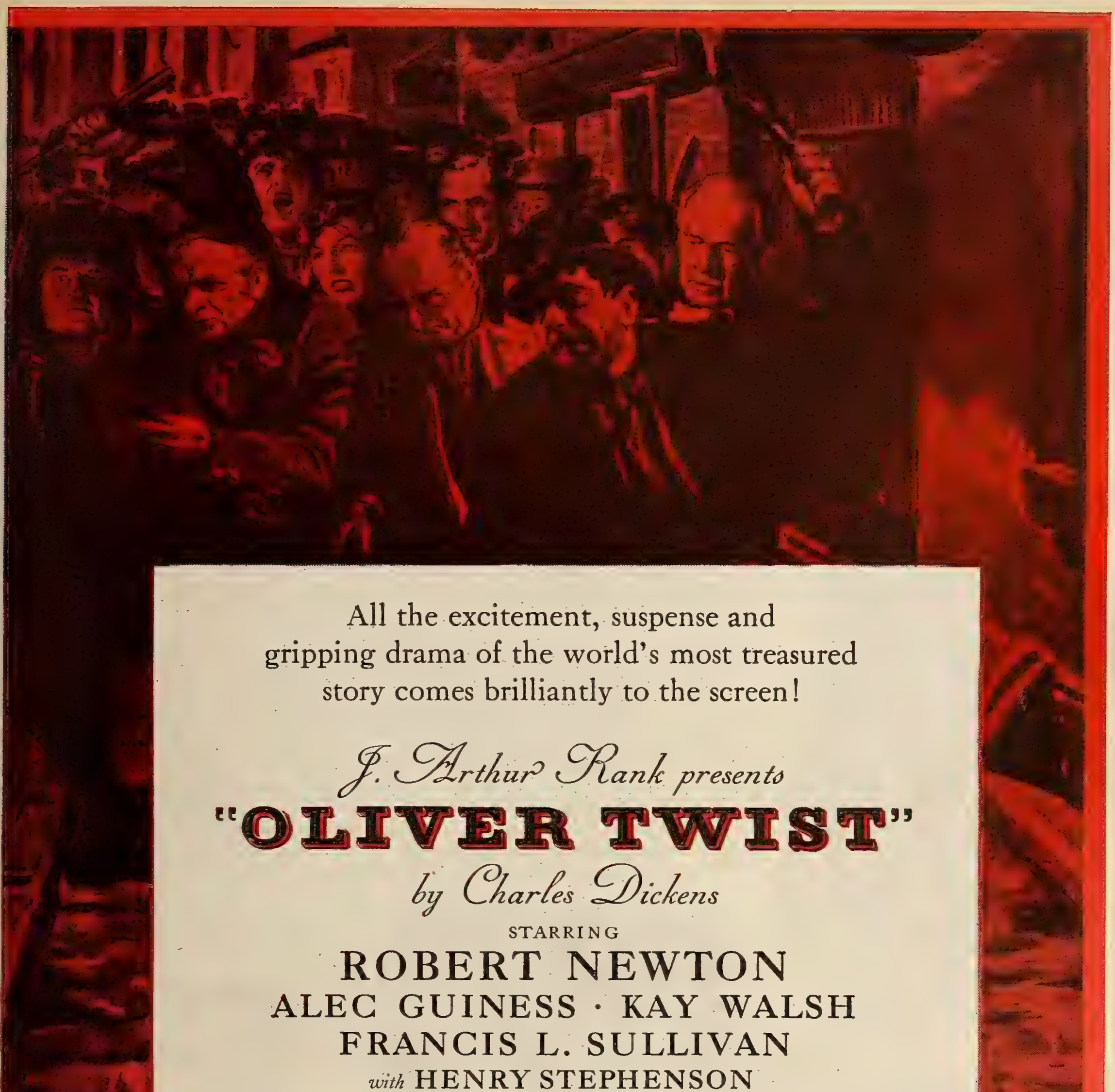
Johnny Belinda
Warners

NOT since "The Yearling" has the life of very poor farmers been recorded with such simplicity and grim reality. This film has to do with a family living on barren Cape Breton, in Northeastern Canada, whose deaf and dumb daughter is befriended and helped by a disillusioned young doctor who comes to the village to forget. Further tragedy stalks the *McDonalds* when the girl is betrayed and her father is killed, but the story ends on a note of hope and justice. Lew Ayres, as the doctor, is sympathetic and charming; Charles Bickford and Agnes Moorehead, as the elder *McDonalds*, are even better than usual. But the performance which will be talked about and applauded is that of Jane Wyman as the deaf-mute. It will wring tears from the hard-hearted, admiration from her closest competitors. Jane can now be rated among the great actresses of our time.

The Velvet Touch
RKO

ROSALIND RUSSELL is given full scope for her varied talents as a top-flight stage comedienne who wants to become a dramatic actress, and does. It in-





All the excitement, suspense and
gripping drama of the world's most treasured
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The Team That Gave You "Great Expectations"

Screenplay by DAVID LEAN and STANLEY HAYNES

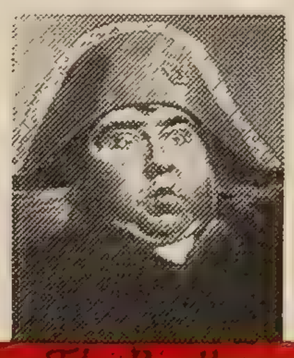
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Bringing to life these unforgettable characters:



Oliver Twist and Bill Sikes



The Beadle



Nancy



The Artful Dodger



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



ASK FOR DeLong Everytime



The Cagneys, Jeanne and James, in the thought-provoking "The Time of Your Life," vignettes of life-in-the-raw on the San Francisco waterfront.

volves her in an unwitted murder, romance, remorse, fright and surrender, with an unexpected ending. She's beautifully gowned throughout, and does expertly with each phrase of the script. Her producer is convincingly played by Leon Ames. Her lover is handsome, exciting English actor Leo Genn. Claire Trevor is excellent as her rival for the producer's affections. Sydney Greenstreet, as a police captain, adds color and interest. Despite discrepancies in the story, the picture has intense moments, is effective and Rosalind's fans will love it.

The Time of Your Life

U.A.—Cagney

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S prize-winning play is brought intact to the screen. As a result, you may quibble about the cast and lack of plot in this series of San Francisco waterfront saloon vignettes. James Cagney plays an observer of life-in-the-raw named *Joe*. His sister, Jeanne Cagney, is not quite convincing as the B-girl who wants to go straight. Wayne Morris, as *Joe's* stooge, is more weak than necessary. James Barton, as a Western adventurer, hams it up too much. But Paul Draper, one of America's foremost dancers, enlivens the part of the boy who's "a natural born dancer." Bill Bendix, as Nick the pub owner, is quietly terrific. Broderick Crawford, Ward Bond, James Lydon and others are also good. The whole is not always easy to understand.

(Please turn to page 70)



Left: Dulcie Gray, Christine Norden, Burgess Meredith in "Mine Own Executioner."



Alan Ladd and Donna Reed in "Beyond Glory," war veteran's dramatic life at West Point.

Left: Dan Dailey, Barbara Lawrence in backstage story, "Give My Regards To Broadway."

Rosalind has her eye on three men....
three men have their eye on Rosalind....
one of them is up to no good!





Rosalind Russell

THE VELVET TOUCH

A FREDERICK BRISSON PRODUCTION

also starring

Leo Genn · Claire Trevor

Sydney Greenstreet

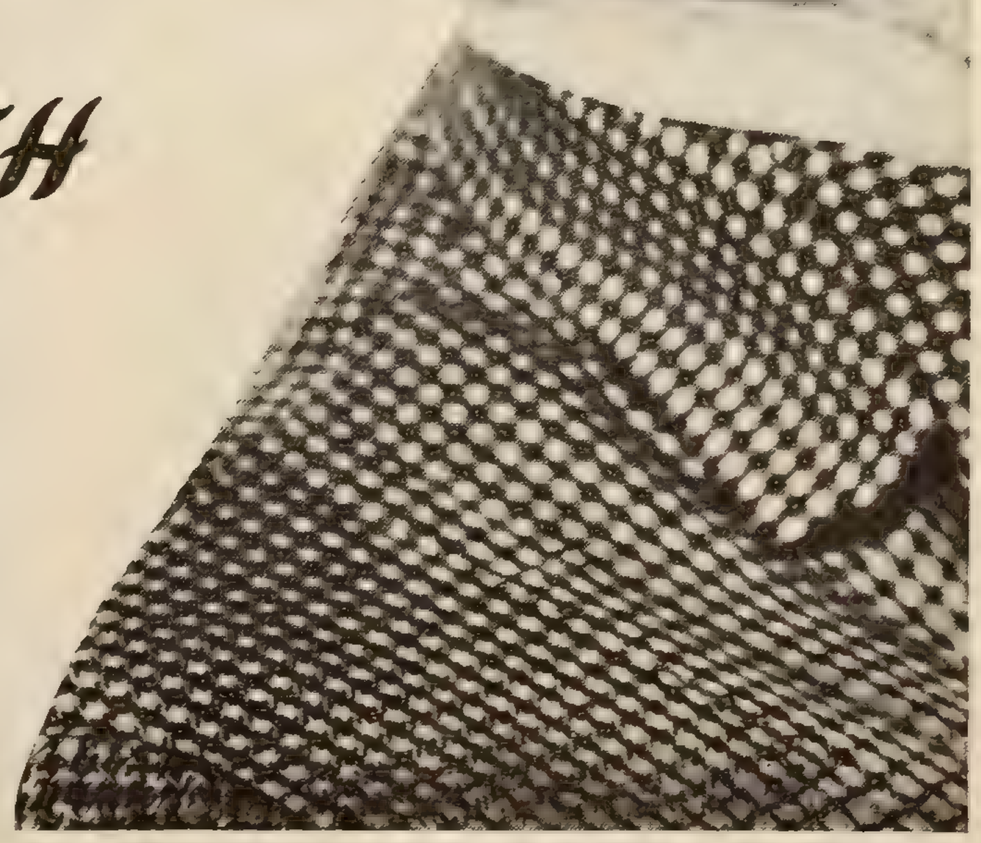
with

LEON AMES · FRANK McHUGH · WALTER KINGSFORD · DAN TOBIN

Directed by JOHN GAGE · *Screenplay by* LEO ROSTEN

An RKO-Radio Release

INDEPENDENT ARTISTS PICTURE





"Report at Nine"

Jeanne Cagney gives voice to her ideas on the importance of appearance for college and career girls

By Courtenay Marvin



Three studies of Jeanne Cagney, leading lady in "The Time of Your Life." Above: Romantic companion to the moon. Center: Sophisticated maid with a braid. Below: Completely glamourous. Hairdo and clothes help build these impressions. These are your allies, too. Look the part you want to play in life. First impressions are often lasting.



TWO vacations in Hollywood have proved dramatic periods in the life of Jeanne Cagney. The first, just after her graduation from Hunter College, New York, resulted in her role in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." A more recent trip brought her the role of *Kitty* in William Saroyan's Pulitzer and Drama Critics' Circle prize-winning play, "The Time Of Your Life," now being released through United Artists. Again, as in her first picture, she and brother, James, play together, after a lapse of seven years.

It was just about seven years ago that I first interviewed Jeanne. We talked about this when I met her recently in the Stork Club in New York. Then Jeanne had had much to say about letters to the boys in uniform. Later, Jeanne gave generously of her time to entertain the boys in military hospitals, and to national causes. And that is like her, to give and give generously, whether on stage or screen or in everyday life. For there is a sincere, warm, ebullient quality about her. She is a girl of decision and action, very alert and wide-awake. Interviewing her is a pleasure because you feel like you are talking with an old friend. And so we chatted about clothes, her husband, Kim Spaulding, with whom she collaborates in radio work, the Early American furniture she is now collecting, her school days here in New York and her youthful aspiration to be a doctor.

As we drank our coffee, I noticed that Jeanne had changed little, except that her hair was lighter, she was prettier, more of a young woman who had been about. She was *very* young when I first met her. *(Please turn to page* 18)

ROY DEL RUTH'S

"THE BABE RUTH STORY"

Gloriously told on the screen...warm, human and lusty as 'The Babe' himself!

The incredible life... the spectacular thrills...the fabulous times of America's best-loved hero.....

Hear these all-time hits!
"Singin In The Rain"
"I'm Nobody's Baby"
"I'll Get By"
"After The Ball"
"Wait 'Till The Sun Shines, Nellie'
"Take Me Out To The Ball Game"
. . . and many more!

An Allied Artists Production

starring WILLIAM BENDIX · CLAIRE TREVOR · CHARLES BICKFORD

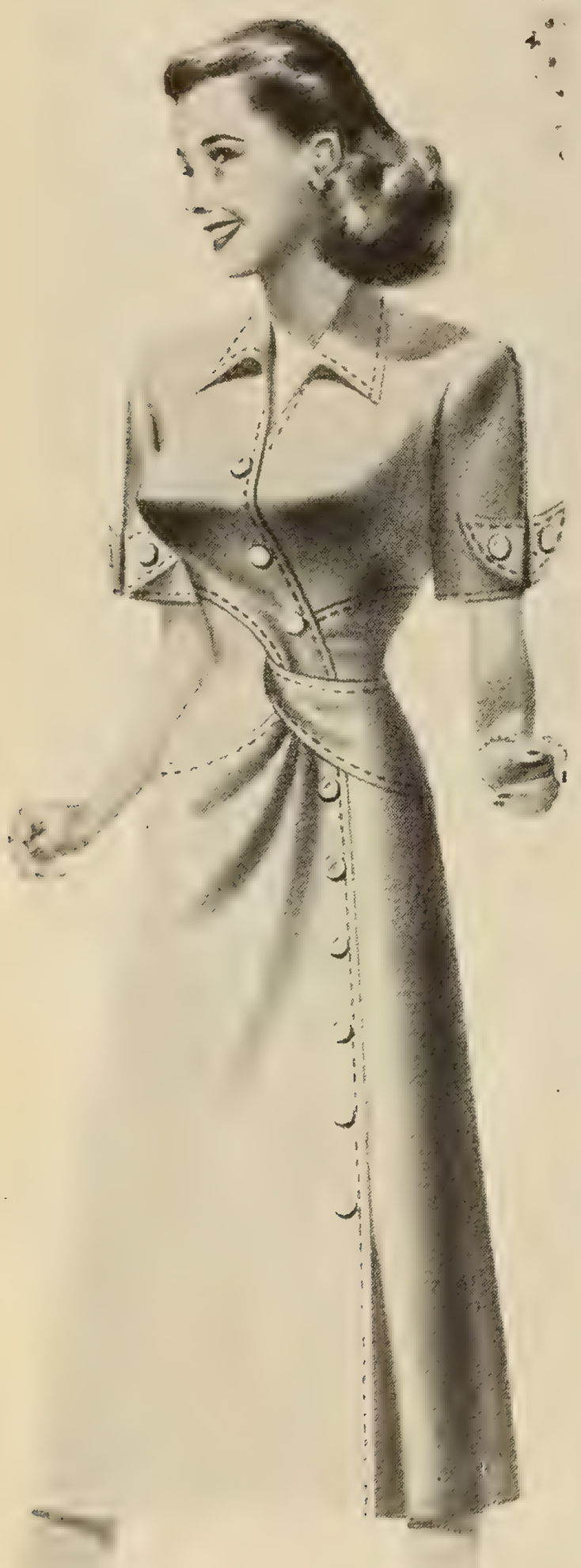
SAM LEVENE · WILLIAM FRAWLEY · GERTRUDE NIESEN · MATT BRIGGS

Produced and Directed by ROY DEL RUTH

Associate Producer JOE KAUFMAN

Screenplay by BOB CONSIDINE · and GEORGE CALLAHAN

Beau-Drape



Clever draping makes this high shade lush quality Rayon Gabardine a stand-out. It's exquisitely tailored and fashioned and is finely saddle-stitched, in contrasting color, to give it that made-to-order look. It can't be duplicated anywhere at this exceptionally low price and you'll be amazed at how expensive it really looks. Colors: Beige, Aqua, Winter White, Gray, Black, Kelly.

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Please send me The Beau-Drape. I'll pay postman $10.98 plus C.O.D. postage with the understanding I may return dress in 10 days for full refund if not satisfied.

SIZE	1ST COLOR CHOICE	2ND COLOR CHOICE

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ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE___ STATE_____

And though little has happened for her in movies until her present picture, she has made an enviable record in the theatre, her last role being one similar to *Kitty*, in "The Iceman Cometh." Jeanne wore a navy faille suit with a white scarf dotted in red and a small white hat. Her skin looked very fair, her hazel eyes looked violet in the soft light.

Jeanne is a type that doesn't stand still. Every day is a new adventure in living and learning. One of her recent studies that brings us to the point of this story is costume designing. Edith Head, famous designer for Paramount Studios, was giving a course at UCLA, so Jeanne enrolled.

"I can't sketch," she said, "but I improved a little. However, the course gave me a keen sense of clothes design as it helps portray a character, something of vital importance on stage and screen. Watch for this in movies especially and take a tip from this in daily life. Dress to look the part you want. This is especially important to the many graduates who will be looking for their first jobs this Fall. There is always competition for worthwhile jobs, and with equal abilities, the girl who looks the part wins.

"If you are looking for a fashion job, your appearance should indicate that you are fashion-conscious. A would-be secretary should keep in mind an appearance that the most discriminating boss would be proud to have in his office. An aspiring hostess might keep in mind her black frock, pearls, dignity and poise. A good skin and well-groomed hair are assets for the girl who seeks the cosmetics field. Well-cared-for hands and nails aid the girl who wants to sell, especially lovely things like jewelry that must be handled and displayed. If you're off to college for the first time, let your college shops and older students advise you. By contrast, the girl who aspires to musicals or dramatic roles had better leave her sweater and college plaids at home."

Jeanne Cagney is so right. While appearance does not literally make a person, it is naïve not to admit that it is an excellent introduction.

Whether your goal is college, career or a little more out of life on the old home front, this is the time for a little "rehabilitation" program. This is the time, before the pressure starts, to check with your dentist. If you're smart, it's the time for a medical check-up just to learn how good you are. It's the time to get all leftover wearable woollens pressed and ready for the first cool days.

Your first Fall frocks will give added pleasure over a figure that's in good proportion, firm and agile. It's too bad in this respect that the desk chair must imprison us again. However, a helpful idea in keeping that spare waistline is to rise immediately a meal is finished and do something active like washing the dishes or walking about. This also wards off that after-dinner sleepiness. Good, long stretches, whenever you have privacy, will pull a figure back to where it ought to be and also remind you of better posture. Walking the right way is wonderful, especially for firming and preventing soft fat below the waist. Fashion models walk from the hips, the thigh leading. You can get this movement by practice.



Gail Russell of "Night Has A Thousand Eyes" meets Jane Russell of Paramount's "Paleface."

Imagine you are walking through waist-high water. The idea soon comes. Muscles work together, the gait is evened and a better figure and grace result.

Your new hat will be a better choice with a hair trim or thinning and a new permanent. The home cutting is a little tricky and might better be left to professional hands. The successful home wave, however, is but a matter of a short time, care and following directions. If you have a new look cut, you will find that the use of hair lacquer on small waves or curls that hug the temples, or on bangs, keeps these trimmings orderly and just where they belong. After our sleek pompadours and up-dos, the feathery softness of the shorter cuts is often a problem in orderliness.

For better lip grooming, a lip pencil or brush is definitely in order. These give a beautifully clean, clear outline. Less color is needed when lips are precisely outlined, and perfect application can make the most irregular lips attractive. This neat, clean application is something that appeals strongly to men. Smile to get the best outline of your natural mouth shape.

A perfume, the real stuff, is in order. A number of small vials of perfume for costumes, occasions and moods, I believe, is much more desirable than one big bottle. Your perfume should be changed, like your dresses. The smaller vials are economy, too; there's less outlay, naturally, less time for evaporation, less loss if broken. There's no chance of perfume monotony, either. A purse perfume dispenser is now as important as a lipstick.

Feet need a real survey this Fall. The "Flat Foot Floogies" are a thing of the past. Not that you won't wear flat heels. There'll be plenty, but shoes now have character and offer some support and protection. It's the shapeless foot wrapper, toeless, heelless, that's in the discard. To walk barefoot about your room, on soft grass or on sand is a beauty treatment. To subject your feet practically unshod to hard pavements is something else.

Time passed while Jeanne discussed careers and how to get ahead. The Stork Club filled up. We said good-bye at 53rd Street and Fifth Avenue, but not for another seven years, I hope.

Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie, relax at reception in Crystal Room of Beverly Hills Hotel following the premiere of his "The Emperor Waltz" at the Paramount Theatre. It took such an occasion to get the elusive Bing to come out of hiding.

Bing and Clark step out!





Above: Bing and Dixie at reception with Edw. G. Robinson in background. Right: The other elusive gentleman who took in both the opening and party that followed was Clark Gable who escorted Anita Colby. Above Center: Clark and Anita in deep conversation in Crystal Room. Above Right: Bing covers his face with program in theatre as photographers start to gather, but Dixie doesn't seem to mind. Joan Fontaine, Bing's co-star in "The Emperor Waltz," was also present at both premiere and reception, being escorted by her husband William Dozier.

The Leprechauns say:



"Lovers who kiss under a falling star are bound together forevermore . . ."



A ROMANCE FRESH... JOYFUL...LILTING AS AN IRISH AIR...TO PUT ENCHANTMENT IN THE VERY HEART OF YOU!

TYRONE POWER

ANNE BAXTER

THE LUCK OF THE IRISH





with

The Little Man

CECIL KELLAWAY

The Big Man

LEE J. COBB

20th CENTURY-FOX

JAMES TODD • JAYNE MEADOWS • J. M. KERRIGAN • PHIL BROWN • CHARLES IRWIN

Directed by HENRY KOSTER · *Produced by* FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Philip Dunne • Based on a Novel by Guy and Constance Jones

Hedy's Back!



Hedy's always-breathtaking beauty belies the fact she's the mother of three children.



Hedy Lamarr sends Bob Cummings' pulse rate soaring in Eagle Lion's romantic comedy, "Let's Live A Little." Hedy's a psychiatrist who writes a book for which Bob handles the advertising, then discovers Bob is her most attractive case history.



A salad is Hedy's choice for her luncheon or for an afternoon snack while working.



Left: A minor repair job on her makeup. Above: Hedy studies her lines for "Let's Live A Little," in which Anna Sten is her rival. She much prefers comedy to drama.





Babe Ruth shows Bill Bendix, who plays him on the screen, how he used to stand at the plate in his home-run-hitting days.

Hollywood's Mrs. Babe Ruth Talks About The Babe!

Things you never knew before about the greatest of sports heroes whose life



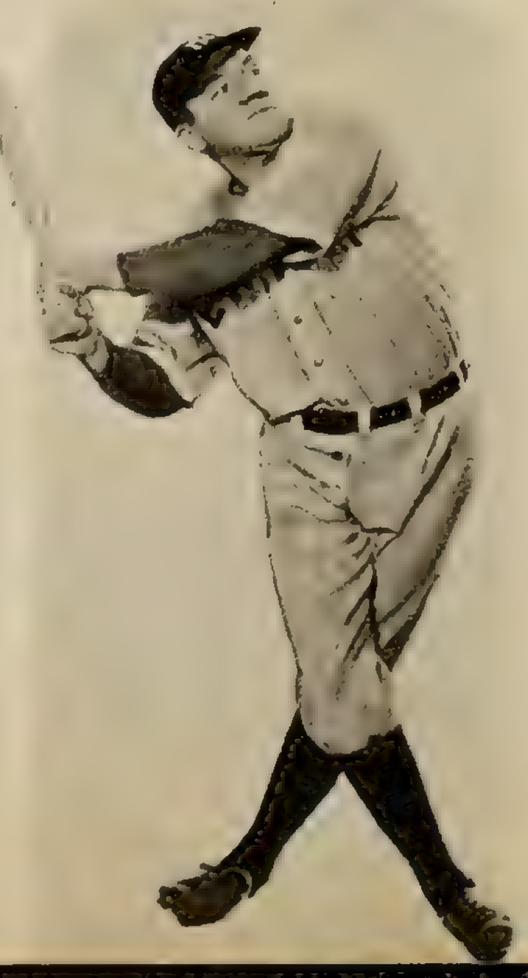
Claire Trevor lunching with the true life Mrs. Babe Ruth during her Hollywood visit.

I HAVE just helped a legend live anew.

What an experience!

When my own four-year-old son, Charley, is old enough to be curious about my being in the movies, I will be able to really impress him now. I can explain, "I was Babe Ruth's wife, remember?" I'm going to show Charley this picture we've just made of Mr. Baseball soon. At least he can grasp some of its excitement and inspiration. And what mother can ever fail in her son's eyes as Mrs. Baseball, no less?

Babe Ruth, in person, turns out indeed a fabulous man. I had the rare opportunity to personally check on him. He came out to Hollywood to watch us film his life story, exactly as he wants it recalled. So behind the scenes of Roy Del Ruth's "The Babe Ruth Story," for Allied Artists, I can truthfully say *as a fact*: he is all they have said, only more, much more!



How do you become the best? Here are the things I found out.

The Babe became great as "The Sultan Of Swat" simply because he had everything it takes! He was favored with the perfect gifts: masculine strength, perfect coordination and marvelous eyes. Today his wonderful eyes are as lightning-fast as ever, and he misses nothing. His overwhelming zest for living, once it was rightly guided, made him take direct advantage of

By Claire Trevor



Claire Trevor and Bill Bendix, looking older, awaiting final scenes of "The Babe Ruth Story."

Babe Ruth is greeted by Bill Bendix and Claire Trevor as he arrives to supervise his life story.



w being brought to the screen

his assets. He poured himself into baseball because he was tremendously alive any moment he heard the words: *"Play ball!"*

I have never known a person who has won success easily. The odds the Babe overcame were staggering. In the beginning all his luck was bad. He lost his mother when he was approximately my own son's age. His father, a victim rather than a conqueror of circumstances, was unable to help him. In Baltimore, at seven, the Babe was just an unfortunate child on the streets. Nobody wanted him, so he was pushed around. He was incorrigible, they said when they placed him in St. Mary's Industrial School there.

You should have seen him as he stood riveted at the filming of a violent scene. He saw himself as a boy again, returning to his father's saloon. The tough waterfront characters, the too busy, angry father, the defiant lad he'd been then, were all appall- (*Please turn to page* 71)

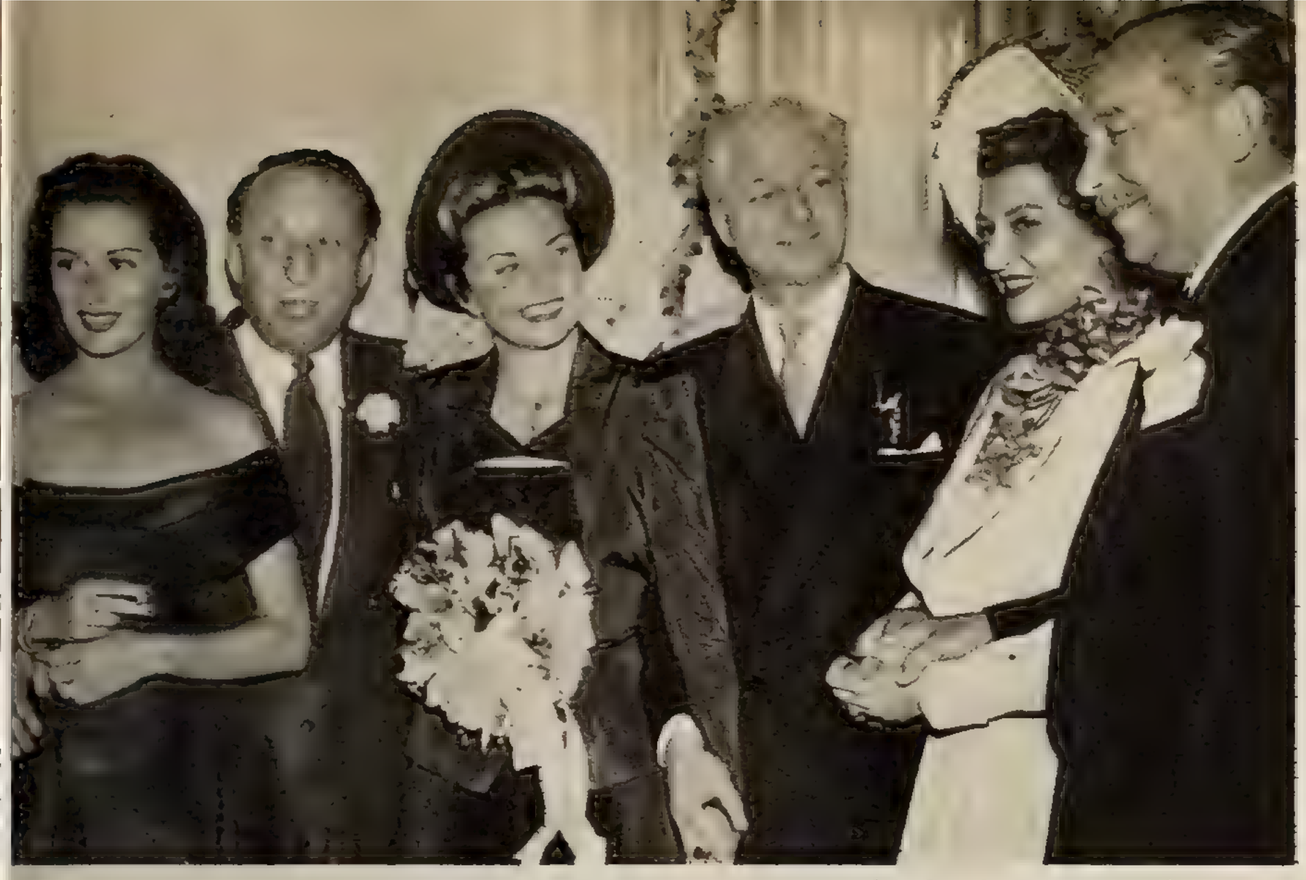


Claire Trevor as she appears in the early sequences of "The Babe Ruth Story."



Betty Grable

Next picture for the 20th Century-Fox star is "When My Baby Smiles At Me," the backstage romance of a wife's devotion to her alcoholic partner, co-star Dan Dailey.



The Charles Morrisons made vows at home of the Joe Pasternaks (left) to Judge Brand, with Helen Saginah, matron of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Mocambo



Sonja Henie and Greg Bautzer enjoying wedding reception at the Mocambo, popular night club owned by Charles Morrison.



Marguerite Chapman and Lee Bowman join the line of star well-wishers at wedding reception in the exclusive Champagne room.



Van Heflin, one of MGM's "Three Musketeers," and his pretty wife, Frances, at gathering following the Morrison nuptials.





Left: Bruce Cabot and Mrs. Errol Flynn toast the new groom. Above: Mrs. Charles Morrison at the Mocambo, receives Signe Hasso and Danny Kaye and their best wishes for happiness.







Left (top to bottom): Dana Andrews and Gene Tierney in "The Iron Curtain," his latest triumph. Dancing with June Havoc in the same 20th Century-Fox film. With his young daughter, Kathy, and her pet. The Andrews also have two sons, Stephen and David, and a baby girl, Susan. Rest between scenes.



Although there are many unpleasant moments, admits Mrs. Dana Andrews, it does have ample compensations

By Dora Albert



IT HAPPENED about three years ago, at the New York premiere of "Wilson." In honor of the occasion, 20th Century-Fox had sent a whole cavalcade of its stars to New York. New York went wild over them. The crowd around the theatre got completely out of hand, and began to push even the police guards around. Surging in from both sides of the rope, which was meant to hold them off, the crowd began to push frantically toward the spot where celebrities would step out of their cars. A couple of fans jumped on the car in which Geraldine Fitzgerald, Michael O'Shea, Dana Andrews and Mrs. Andrews rode up to the theatre. One fan

THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES









BENEFIT premiere in Manhattan of "The Time Of Your Life," the Cagneys' film version of Saroyan's philosophical play, was of enormous help to the Wiltwyck School, a charitable, aid-to-youth organization. James Cagney is especially sympathetic to underprivileged youths and their problems since he himself was born in the district known to N. Y. police as "guerrilla jungle." He rose above the environment and will always help any kid do likewise. *Above:* The Cagneys, Producer William, Actress Jeanne, and Star James. *Top Right:* Mr. and Mrs. John Carradine arriving at Mayfair Theatre for "The Time Of Your Life." *Center Right:* Paul Draper, featured in dancing role. *Right:* William Bendix, with the Mrs. *Below Left:* James Cagney greets Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, member of executive board of Wiltwyck School. *Below Right:* James Barton and Bill Bendix who give outstanding performances in film.





"Key Largo"

A suspenseful thriller, starring Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall

Fictionized by Elizabeth Petersen

KEY LARGO

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Producer, Jerry Wald. Director, John Huston. Screen Play by Richard Brooks and John Huston. Based on the play by Maxwell Anderson.

CAST

Frank M'Cloud	HUMPHREY BOGART
Johnny Rocco	EDWARD G. ROBINSON
Nora Temple	LAUREN BACALL
James Temple	LIONEL BARRYMORE
Gaye	CLAIRE TREVOR
Curly	THOMAS GOMEZ
Sheriff Ben Wade	MONTE BLUE
Deputy Clyde Sawyer	JOHN RODNEY
Toots	HARRY LEWIS
Angel	DAN SEYMOUR
Osceola Brothers	SILVER HEEL and RODRIC RED WING

EVEN now, before it had really begun, Frank M'Cloud was regretting the impulse that had sent him on this sentimental journey.

The heat was part of it. It had settled over the Florida Keys in a humid mass that felt like a heavy wool blanket pressing against his limp body. Hurricane weather, the driver of the bus that had brought him there had called it. M'Cloud had never known heat like it and was impatient to be done with his visit and on his way again.

But even more disturbing was his first impression of the Largo Hotel. It was a homey sort of place, just as George Temple had described it. There was none of the luxury or glitter of the big show places along the coast. Yet in its own small way it was attractive and comfortable. What set it completely out of kilter with everything M'Cloud had heard about it were the men and the girl staring at him through the open door of the bar.

They were a sinister lot, the pack of them. The men, there were four of them, could have been cut out of the same shoddy piece of cloth, with their furtive eyes and hard-bitten mouths. And the girl, even then he knew she couldn't be Nora, had that same hard-boiled veneer. The big one, the one he was to know as Curly, came slowly over to him.

"Look, mister," he said crisply. "If you're thinking of putting up here, the hotel's closed. Won't be open for another month. We're here by special arrangement."

M'Cloud had a strange feeling that invisible guns were pointing at him. "I'm not staying," he said tersely. "I only want to see Mr. Temple." (*Please turn to page* 59]



M'Cloud felt that quick pang as Nora came out of the boathouse.

Right: James Temp and his daughter-i law, Nora, listen as M'Cloud describ how his buddy, Nor husband, was kille

★

Right: "Look, P forget the question snapped Rocco, as Toc aimed his revolv "What you don't kn won't ever hurt yo

★

Right: "That's right sister, the gun wasn' loaded," laughe Rocco, as Nora shud dered. "But our her didn't know that.

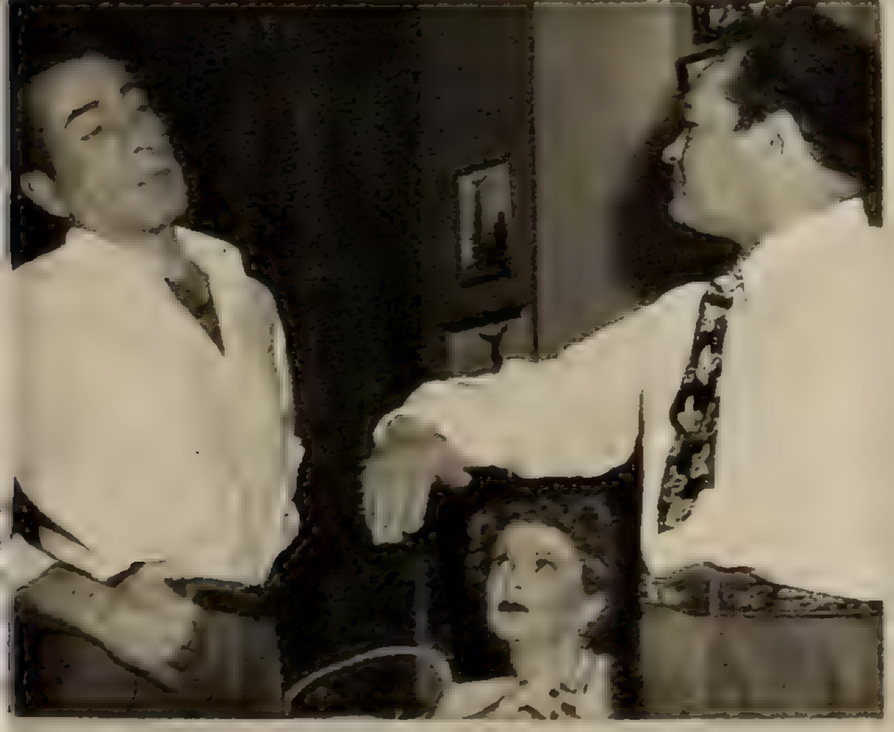
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Right: Rocco watched M'Cloud defiantly give Gaye a drink, then slapped him across the face three times without return.











M'Cloud held off as Rocco forced himself on Nora, for he knew the gangster's gunmen had him covered and a move would be fatal.



Above: Once at sea, the fight for life took place—M'Cloud against the thugs. Below: Curly brutally took care of Gaye.



my daughter Angela

"A girl's best friend is —" but won't Angela Lansbury be surprised when she reads what her mother reveals about her here



By her mother Moyna MacGill



Angela Lansbury and her mother.



Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw holding hands at the Mocambo. He's No. 1 beau.

SHE WAS the most beautiful baby I think I have ever seen. Gold and alabaster beautiful. Really like an angel. That's why we called her Angela.

Before I go one paragraph further, I feel it is only fair to warn you readers that I am a very doting mother. In addition I am also, as an actress, an ardent admirer of Angela, the actress; am her fan. Now, having been forewarned, if you will bear with me . . .

Angela was born in London, England, on October 16, twenty-one years ago. She was christened Angela Brigid Lansbury. At home, we call her "Biddsy" which she simply HATES and can you blame her? Or "Biddens," which she bears with. Her teen-age twin brothers, Edgar and Bruce, petname her "Mrs. Lansbottom" and "Big Business," which amuses her.

In her teens she became, although not for long, one of those fat-legged "games" girls. Basketball and so on. In her junior year at Hampstead School for Girls she was, in fact, HEAD games girl!

A bit of a tomboy, the little-girl Angela. And such a *laugher* as she was! She used to laugh an awful lot, go into *yells* of laughter with her little girl friends and could not control herself. She still laughs a lot. Loves to laugh. Loves people who laugh. Loves to drive at night, in a car—with a boy, of course, with her date—and have laughs. Loves to dance. VERY keen on dancing. Loves night clubs, cocktail parties, entertaining, opera, theatre, shops . . .

Gay, Angela is, gay of heart, bright of spirit and as feminine, if not more feminine than her beautiful black cat—named Ingrid. After Ingrid Bergman, of course and, also of course, in loving memory of "Gaslight," Angela's first picture. Our household also boasts another black cat—this one named Charles after Charles Boyer; a lovable mongrel, which Flora Robson gave the twins, called "Fella" and a haughty cockatoo named Dorian—this name a memento of the film, "Picture of Dorian Gray," for which Angela made her first test at MGM and for which she was, at first, turned down. "Too young," they said. Later, after they had seen her work in "Gaslight," she went into "Picture of Dorian Gray."



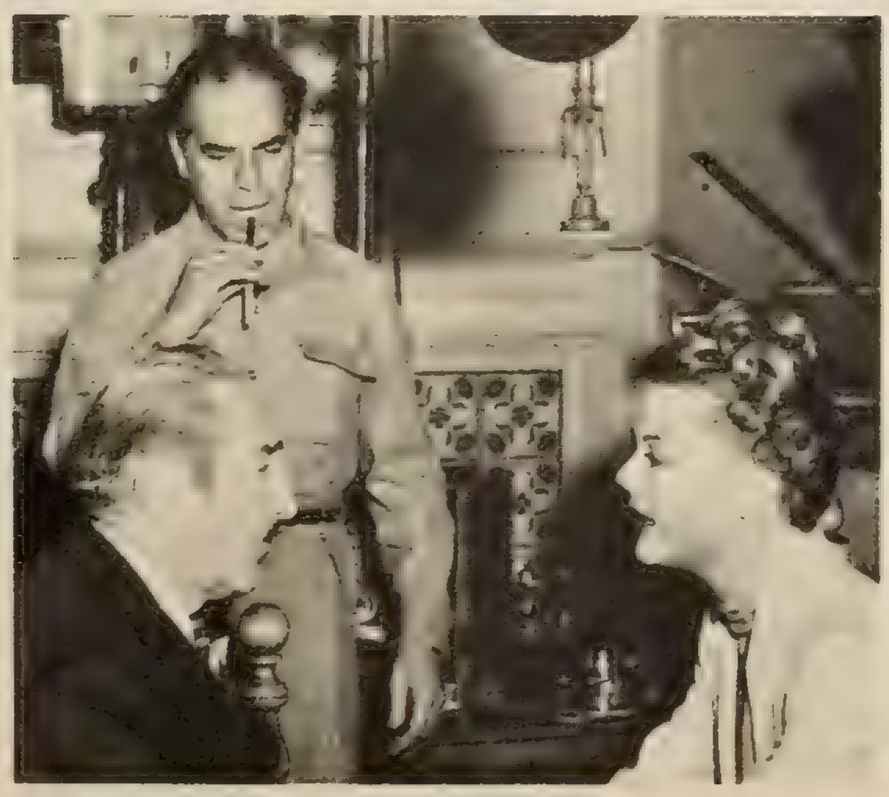
Angela Lansbury with Van Johnson during the filming of "State Of The Union," in which she scored a triumph as the attractive but dominant newspaper publisher.

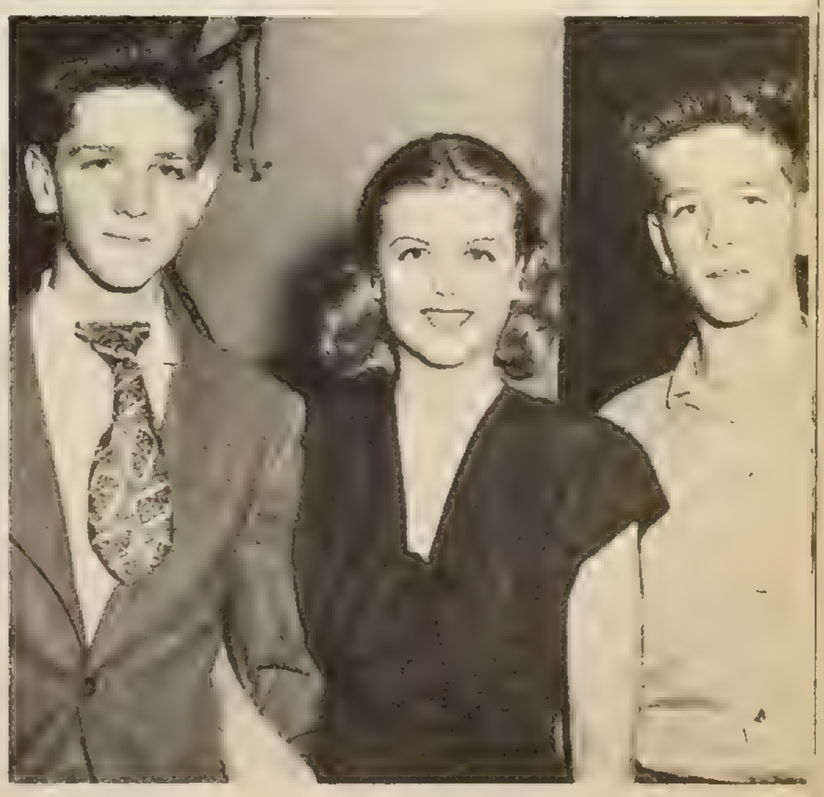
. . . so *very* feminine: She loves furs, Angela does, ADORES furs. Her first extravagance, after she signed her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was a fur coat. "Mink-muskrat," she called it. Which, since it was visibly and undeniably *muskrat*, was merely our Biddsy wishful-thinking. Later, she bought a mink coat, visibly and undeniably *mink*, which is currently her pride and joy.

She loves lacy lingerie. French lingerie. Loves negligees, but prefers lovely materials, lovely colors and good line rather than frills. She loves very good costume jewelry—especially, rings. She loves bubble baths. Scented baths. She adores perfume—is always looking for some new exotic scent that no one else has.

(Please turn to page 68)







Upper Left: Angela with Charles Boyer in "Gaslight," her first break. Center: Adolphe Menjou, Director Frank Capra and Angela. Angela with her twin brothers, Bruce and Edgar. They call her "Mrs. Lansbottom." Her next picture for MGM is "Three Musketeers."

Adorable Visitor

AFTER lovely Jean Simmons finished making "The Blue Lagoon" in the isolated Fiji Islands, she flew to San Francisco to visit the United States for the first time. The British star could not have been happier when she saw the Golden Gate loom into view, for here at last was America and, fortunately, thousands of miles away from the Fiji Islands, which she says are only romantic when you see them on the screen; actually are damp, and infested with mosquitoes, sand flies and snakes. To Jean they're only comfortable at a great distance. After seeing San Francisco, Jean journeyed to Los Angeles, then on to Hollywood where the red carpet awaited her. She saw the studios, met the stars and filled ten pages of her album with their autographs. Her favorite American dish turned out to be a "Meringue Special," which contains six slices of bananas, six flavors of ice cream, cherries, whipped cream and a variety of other delicious trimmings. After Hollywood she visited Boston and New York.







Jean Simmons with Arthur Krim, president of Eagle Lion, her host in Hollywood. *Below:* On location *(a nightmare)* in the Fiji Islands.





Left: A stitch in time on the beach in the Fijis. Aside from "The Blue Lagoon," Jean is currently co-starring with Laurence Olivier in "Hamlet," being one of the most convincing Ophelias of all time. Jean returned to England, after a whirlwind time in Manhattan, on the "Queen Elizabeth." As the giant ship left the harbor, Jean was curled up in her cabin having given away to exhaustion.



Agnes Moorehead, familiar to radio listeners as the Mayor's housekeeper on "Mayor Of The Town," with her husband and Cobina.



Joan Davis, who has just announced her engagement to Danny Elman, Chicago business man, and Steve Crane greet Cobina at party.



Cobina and Janet Blair listen to Esther Williams' gay repartee, an art that she developed recently on personal appearance tour.



Eleanor Powell watches with knowing appraisal the friendly byplay between her husband, Glenn Ford, and Cobina at a premiere party.

I AM SURE that no imperial gala ever ordered by the Emperor Franz Josef himself ever surpassed the splendor of the party in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, following the premiere of "The Emperor Waltz." Certainly the Austrian court in all its glittering hey-day, never saw more beautifully gowned and glamourous women accompanied by more handsome escorts.

The first showing of the film, which was a formal, invitational affair, drew a record throng of celebrities to the Hollywood Paramount Theatre where they ran the gauntlet of cheers and shouts from thousands of admiring fans. Arc lights glared, cameras rolled and a veritable battery of photographic flash bulbs popped as over a hundred stars made their appearance before the welcoming microphones in the lobby. This was all in the great premiere "tradition," but what gave it the 1948 note was the presence of television equipment, laboriously wheeling about to record and televise the entrance of the stars.

Rumor had it that many of these leading personalities from rival studios had been warned about appearing in front of the television cameras, but either they forgot or didn't care, because not one of the galaxy refused to do his impromptu bit.

The "cinema-soxers" roared their delight when Clark Gable and Bing Crosby swapped jokes right in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard where their cars were held up by the traffic jam.

Incidentally Clark garnered the most applause when he appeared with Anita Colby, although pandemonium broke loose for Betty Hutton and yells went up for Alan Ladd, Paulette Goddard, Burgess Meredith, Betty Grable and Harry James, Van Johnson, Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Esther Williams, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz and the two stars of the picture, Bing Crosby with Dixie and Joan Fontaine with husband Bill Dozier, all of whom were among the five score celebrities present.

Most all of these "names" made their way to the Beverly Hills Hotel after the picture for the sumptuous buffet dance which followed.

I had a long chat with Paulette Goddard who wore a striking gown of vivid blue corduroy velvet, literally topped off with a pearl tiara. Paulette told me that she isn't anxious at all to return to England for that next picture and that she and Burgess are planning to take a vacation up North in the Canadian Rockies.

"Of course, Cobina, I wouldn't mind if the deal in England was like the one Buz, my husband, had. He just received $50,000 from Arthur Rank for a picture he didn't make!"

Joan Fontaine, who co-stars with our Bing, was as happy and excited as a child—and she looked like one too, with that new bobbed hair-do—over the reception of the picture. When I told her how much I enjoyed her performance, I also asked her why she had cut her lovely hair.

"You know, Cobina, for 'Ivy' and 'Letter From An Unknown Woman,' I had to spend hours having my hair done and then for this, 'The Emperor (*Please turn to page 73*)

Sonja Henie's garden party with its pink spotlights and ice statues had town talking





GALA GARDEN PARTY

Top Right: The hostess, Sonja Henie, gowned in crisp white lace and wearing a necklace of pear-shaped diamonds, greets Clark Gable. *Above:* Clifton Webb and Gene Tierney were partners for dinner served on the tennis court which had been converted into a night club decorated with multi-colored balloons. *Right:* Judy Garland and her husband, Vincente Minnelli, chat with Peter Lawford at Sonja's party.



Below Left: Ingrid Bergman and Director Alfred Hitchcock, scheduled to make "Under Capricorn" next in England, were dinner partners. *Center Below:* Esther Williams and her husband, Ben Gage, try to attract the swans on the Henie swimming pool with olives. *Below:* Kay Kyser, popular with the younger set, stops to discuss music with Ann Blyth and Lon McCallister, avid record collectors, at garden fete.









The Van Johnsons, Loretta Young and husband, Tom Lewis, hold conversation on dance floor.



Outstanding among 300 celebrity guests were Jennifer Jones and Producer David O. Selznick.



Betty Hutton and Mitch Leisen. *Below:* Sonja Henie with Fred De Cordova and Helen Walker.



Deltah's TALISMAN necklace charms Hollywood's brightest stars

You, too, will thrill to the lustrous, flattering beauty of *Talisman* — Deltah's newest simulated pearl necklace, truly the gift magnificent! Finished with 10 kt. gold safety clasp, and presented in authentically designed jade-color Chinese treasure cabinet . . . $24.50. Other Deltah necklaces from $3.00.

Earrings to match.

AT BETTER JEWELERS

Deltah

SIMULATED PEARLS

L. HELLER & SON, INC., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



William Powell and his wife, Diana, at the Mocambo. Theirs is a marriage to which Hollywood points with pride. She gave up her screen career when she married Bill. "You change your pace as you pass from one phase to another," philosophizes Bill.

William Powell, who has changed from prankster to philosopher, is more charming than ever

By Alice L. Tildesley

THE speed boat is lost in a fog on a heaving sea. *Mr. Peabody* crouches in its stern, wrapped in a khâki raincoat, his rumpled dark hair damp with spray, his anxious blue eyes searching the restless waters.

Springing to his feet, he cries: "Lenore! . . . . Lee, where are you?" drops his raincoat, and leaps overboard.

Fortunately, Director Irving Pichel calls "Cut!" before the actual leap, or Universal-International Studios would be facing a film disaster. It's quite a drop from the suspended speed boat to the cement floor of Stage 5 . . . . *Mr. Peabody* comes down a ladder.

William Powell is six feet tall, but his *Mr. Peabody* has the illusion of being a small fellow, a mouse of a man caught in a romantic tragedy as he rounds the dangerous curve of fifty. The look in his heartbroken eyes stabs you; his stricken cry hits you hard; he's suffering; he's a futile, inhibited New Englander, but infinitely pathetic.

Once off the set, Mr. Powell sheds *Peabody*.

"He's fun to play," he admitted, relaxing in his portable dressing room between shots, "but I'm not the type to drag my roles into my private life, as I'm told a few actors like to do. I can't imagine myself shrieking: 'Gad!' and playing the domestic tyrant at home, just because I was depicting *Father* on the screen, any more than I can see myself becoming that slippery old politico, the *Senator*, during the filming of 'The Senator Was Indiscreet.' I'd be the first to laugh."

It's before he begins work on a picture that the actor tries on his new character, experimenting with makeup, expressions, walks, etc., and then he does all this in his own room, (*Please turn to page 57*)

every minute count



intensely blue eyes under dark brows, and a wide, sweet, generous mouth. She has moments of striking beauty, moments when she seems almost plain; she can be convincingly sullen or radiantly gay.

Not for Geraldine the struggle against unsympathetic parents who are shocked at daughter's stage ambitions. From the time New York City papers ran the item: "Born to Bianca H., wife of James E. Stroock, a daughter," an actress was welcome in the family. Bianca was a leading stylist for dramatic plays. James was president of the Brooks Costume Company, costumers to the bigger Broadway productions. Aunt Helen Rook was a featured singer in Ziegfeld Follies of 1926, and great-aunt Rosa Olitzka was leading contralto for the Metropolitan Opera from 1900 to 1910. Stage producer Morris Gest is a cousin, and cousin Herman Struck is internationally known for his etchings and wood engravings.

Geraldine was barely two when she took her first dancing lesson; her childhood was a series of movements to music: tap, ballet, aesthetic, acrobatic, and she loved them all. Now for the first time on stage or screen, she uses her talent.

"But *how!*" She flung out her hands, expressively. "I'm supposed to have been a dancer in the chorus line of cheap shows or shoddy night clubs and I'm given an audition. I do a corny old tap dance routine, as done by a girl who isn't very good and I love it!"

She hugged herself, ecstatically. "It's a grand part in a four handkerchief picture. I'm hard and bitter, but I fall in love and grow soft and sweet. Dane Clark's a hard character, too, but he mellows. It's the first time I've played with a man near my own size, and it's wonderful! I'm tired of always looking 'way, 'way up."

Geraldine hated to finish the picture with the Marches: it was like being part of a truly happy family—but then she hates finishing every picture she makes. The thought, "This is the last day," is almost more than she can bear.

"The Marches are an ideal couple, living an ideal life," she said, earnestly. "They divide their time between stage and screen, which I'd like. They're never afraid to try something new, and they're always interesting. Our director, Michael Golden, was (*Please turn to page* 64)

Geraldine, born of a theatrical family, chose her stage name when she was sixteen. Her career was set.



In "Embraceable You," a "four-handkerchief picture," as she terms it, Geraldine runs the emotional gamut.



Know Thyself

HENRY FONDA, currently starring in the Broadway stage hit, "Mister Roberts," recently took Guy Kibbee and some of the cast of the play to watch him as he is on the screen in his latest film, "Fort Apache," an RKO release. Hank really took a page out of the Bible, as it were, for he wanted to see himself as others see him. The flashlight reactions of Hank, Guy *(who's also in "Fort Apache")* and the "Mister Roberts" cast members taken during the actual screening of the film are most amusing. *Below:* Jack Pierce, Eva Marie Saint, Len Smith, Jr. and Tiger Andrews watching the man they know as "Mister Roberts" enact *Col. Thursday* in RKO's "Fort Apache." *Below Center:* Eva Marie Saint, understudy for the only girl in "Mister Roberts," and Tiger Andrews. *Bottom Left:* Fred Barton and Karl Lucus. *Bottom Right:* Guy and Hank watch themselves as *Dr. Wilkins* and *Col. Thursday* on the screen.











LITTLE Margaret Julia Lockwood proved she had movie talent worth developing in her first picture, film version of Daphne du Maurier's novel, "Hungry Hill." Again, in "Bad Sister," she is living up to her mother's dramatic standard. Dialog seems to come easy for "Toots," as her friends on the set nicknamed her, and sometimes worries about her mother's lines. Right: The two Margarets, playing mother and daughter, enact a goodnight scene in the Universal-International release, "Bad Sister." The story unfolds a series of dramatic and tragic events in Margaret Lockwood's search for happiness, which she finally finds in a second marriage with Dennis Price.



Like mother, like daughter



Margaret Lockwood, voted one of Britain's top ten movie stars, and daughter "Toots" enjoy their London flat after day's work.



Little "Toots" rides her bicycle like any good Englishwoman, but accidents will happen and Mommy is there with the remedy.



Dennis Price plays romantic love scene with Margaret Lockwood. Right: Margaret's Finnish bath is a highlight of "Bad Sister."



By Weston East



Loretta Young with Joan Fontaine and her husband in Crystal Room after "Emperor Waltz" preem.



Papa Harry James and Mama Betty Grable James with their two daughters, Victoria Elizabeth, four, and Jessica, one. Betty's in "Burlesque."



Kathryn Grayson, hubby Johnny Johnston and Joe Kirkwood, Jr. at Frank Borzage's Annual Motion Picture Golf tournament.

June Haver and her former beau, Dr. John Duzik, at tournament which was for the Cancer Fund. June was an honorary judge.

latest hollywood gossip

WHEN all hope of reconciling with Jane Wyman seemed in vain, Ronald Reagan looked for a permanent address. The housing situation being what it is *(even for a movie star),* he thought he might fare better with a former landlord. Yes, there was one apartment available. It was the very same that Ronnie and Jane shared when they were first married! Irony—thy name is Hollywood.

—o—

Bob Hope may be the comedian in the family, but his beautiful wife, Dolores, is never lacking in humor. Because her famous husband is so popular at Hollywood parties, they can't take a step without someone stopping them. While Bob makes funny talk, Dolores stands by and waits patiently. "Someday," she kids the situation, "I'll dress for the part. I'm going to show up wearing a—squaw's costume!"

—o—

When we tell you there's a "new" Alexis Smith, we mean the Warner Bros. are turning cart wheels. They wanted Marlene Dietrich to play the shady dance hall lady in "South Of St. Louis." La Dietrich had other plans, so Alexis quietly put on a red wig, a short sexy gown and begged for a test. She got it and she got the part, too. But she looks so sensational in Technicolor, they want her to become a permanent redhead. Poor Alexis can't decide whether she loves her art enough to dye for it.

—o—

Janis Paige and her handsome husband, Frank Martinelli, Jr. *(did you know he* *(Please turn to page 54)*



Director Mitchell Leisen with Paulette Goddard at Crystal Room reception following premiere of "The Emperor Waltz."



Shirley Temple and her husband, John Agar, arriving at the Paramount Theatre for premiere of "The Emperor Waltz."



Oscar winner Ronald Colman, at London premiere of his "A Double Life," is welcomed by the bewhiskered John Mills.

Lew Ayres, as Dr. Richardson, places Jane Wyman's hand on violin so that she, as Belinda, may enjoy the instrument.







IF YOU thought Jane Wyman could never top her memorable performance as Gregory Peck's wife in "The Yearling," you have another guess coming, for in "Johnny Belinda," as the pathetic little deaf and dumb girl, she gives, without question, one of the truly great characterizations to be shown on the screen. Jane's beauty and charm, for so long her claim to fame, must now definitely give way to her amazing talent as an actress. The entire production, direction and casting of "Johnny Belinda" are in keeping with Jane's perfect portrayal. Jane, as Belinda, deaf and dumb since birth when her mother died, has been raised by her embittered father, Charles Bickford, and his heartless sister, Agnes Moorehead. Befriended by Lew Ayres, as Dr. Richardson, Belinda learns the sign language; also how to enjoy life. But tragedy strikes again at Belinda when Horace McNally, as Locky McCormick, town Adonis, takes bestial advantage of her inability to speak, a scene of stark terror.

Above: Jane with Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford in "Johnny Belinda." Upper Right: Horace McNally with Jane in the key scene.

Screenland salutes Jane Wyman

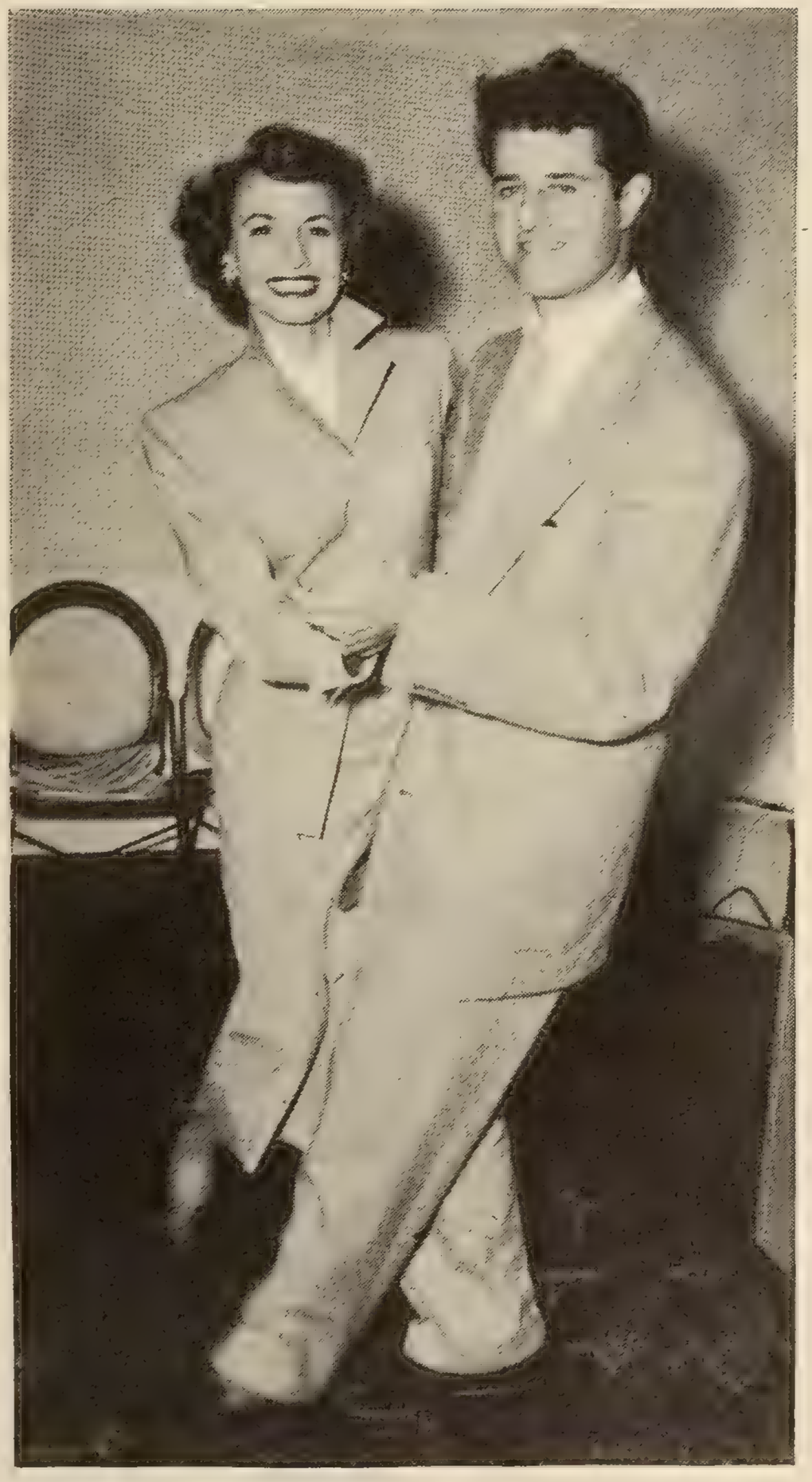


Right: Janet Blair and husband, Louis Busch, give a glim to SCREENLAND, and an ear to Robbins' airshow.





Macdonald Carey, who's admittedly a "square," takes over the turntable and tunes in a fine mound of sound.



Janet Blair and Disk Jockey Fred Robbins get "mashoogie with the boogie" during her guest appearance on his show.

FRED ROBBINS

Right off the Record

HYA Snooks!
The stuff is deluxe.
So let's sample what cooks,
Before you ouvrez *those books!*.

YEAH, it's a long, long time from May to December, but the days grow short when you reach September. And when the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame, the eyes and ears must turn from these ever-lovin' vacation kicks to *la livre* and *la plume* and the drone of the professors' voices. But you've got to leave room for those fresh waxen attractions, 'cause all work and no playing of cookies makes you a square, kid.

As always, there's a mess of fresh shellac, Jack, and while the ban isn't settled at this typing, by the time your little glimmers dig it, it probably will be, (*fingers crossed*). Anyhoo, the companies are releasing waffles like they expect the thing to be history at any minute, trying to get rid of all the nowhere junk they recorded under pressure of the deadline. One happy thought is that there'll be no more harmonicookies—hooray!

HEAVENLY!

KAY KYSER: Up spurts a fresh geyser by Kyser, whose gang really knows how to noodle a novelty the way it should be noodled; viz., "Woody Woodpecker" and "When Veronica Plays

The Harmonica." Everybody knows the mischievous cartoon rascal with the 5-note laugh who works for the toothpick companies; well, the whole deal's been set to music with Gloria Wood peckin' away and it's *tres cacciatore*, morning glory! Flip's about the chick on the deck at Santa Monica who's probably a product of the record ban and is working on a lyric to "Fiddle Faddle." (*Columbia*)

JO STAFFORD: "Better Luck Next Time," "Roses Of Picardy," "Suspicion," "Clabberin' Up For Rain." Cinderella G. Stump, unfolding all her versatility on a baking of 4 newies, the first from "Easter Parade" and the familiar standard, with all of her new found warmth and tulip-like tonsils. Then the Chesterfield kid takes her 6B's off and clabbers up for a brace of mountain-william tunes in that raucous country style she first put down on "Temptayshun." *(Capitol)*

KING COLE TRIO: Every artist reaches peaks and valleys in his record output—some great, some mediocre, joker. Well, you can't have "Nature Boys" all year, can you? But it's still my man Nat Cole and that gleesome threesome and 4 fresh hunks of ear balm, "It's The Sentimental Thing To Do," "Put 'Em In A Box," "My Fair Lady" and "A Boy From Texas." Nat's mediocrities are so far above the average performer's best efforts, you just grab his slabs automatically. *(Capitol)*

VAUGHN MONROE: The wonderful guy with the clothespins on his nose stands pontifical and delivers three more samples of those poor man's Nelson Eddy tonsils, "Give A Broken Heart A Break," "Melody Time," the title recital from the Disney celluloid, and "Blue Shadows On The Trail," also from the film. The Moon Maids help Vaughn unwind those stiff vocal chords, which means it's sure to sell millions! Fourth side spots the kid who's loaded with it, Ziggy Talent, in the saga of "The Maharajah Of Magador." *(Victor)*

THE ANDREWS SISTERS: Don't know what's your pleasure, treasure, but these ears are surfeited with the product from these gals' thoraxes which sound the same on every bit of shellac they mistreat. The public apparently is attuned to their drivel, 'cause they sell like mad, so the gals are not at fault. They're just givin' 'em what they want, and they're fine chicks every one. "Heartbreaker" is another in the long line of their nowhere products, but "Sabre Dance" touches the depths as the worst thing ever made—barring nothing. "Near You" was the "gonest" in comparison and "You Can't Be True, Dear" was heaven. *(Decca)*

DICK HAYMES: "It's Magic," "It's You Or No One." This'll make up for it though—'cause Richard opens the door to those wonderful tonsils and you can really dote on this compote from "Romance On The High Seas." *(Decca)*

DINAH SHORE: Melissa's Mommy crunches her pretty crockery with the 64 bars from "Easter Parade," "Better Luck Next Time" and "Steppin' Out With My Baby," carving a thing of melodic delicacy as always. Then there are two great standards that get fed some vocal pablum by Mrs. Montgomery, "I Get Along Without You Very Well," Hoagy Carmichael's great tune, with an intriguing echo effect throughout, and "I'll Be Seeing You," which has been cut by lotsa of tonsil artists but this 'un's the end! Yummy! *(Columbia)*

STAN KENTON: Here's the biggest selling album in the Eagle's Nest and the most controversial—"Concert In Progressive Jazz" by the Long Leanster. Though there are many disappointing things in the album and it seems Stan is really blowing his top, it's still fresh, vital music. Our favorite is "Monotony," a perfect musical description of just that. There's "Cuban Carnival," blending the Cuban rhythm with our own, "Lament," spotting Laurindo Almeida on guitar, "Elegy For Alto," with the proficient horn of George Weidler, "Impressionism," a descriptive impression by arranger Pete Rugulo, "Fugue For Rhythm Section" and "Lonely Woman" and "This Is My Theme," with June Christy. This sheaf's a must for any tone arm. *(Capitol)*

ALSO EARWORTHY: TONY PASTOR'S "Boy From Texas," 'bout the kid from that state who digs love in the big city, and "Rambling Rose," showing how you, too, can train your chick to grow on a trellis 'round your portal, mortal. *(Columbia)* . . . ANDY RUSSELL'S languid bracing of "It Only Happens When I Dance With You," from "Easter Parade," and "If I Were You," from "On An Island With You." *(Capitol)* . . . The zestful little chestful Kay Starr, with the lusty larynx on "Don't Let Your Love Go Wrong" and "Snuggled On Your Shoulder," yesteryear stuff that would dissolve a cliff the way she chirps 'em. *(Capitol)* . . . FRANK SINATRA'S "Nature Boy," "S'posin'" with the Johnny Guarnieri trio, and "It Only Happens When I Dance With You" and "A Fella With An Umbrella," from "Easter Parade." Axel Stordahl surrounds those great bronchial tubes with those delicious bits of catgut as usual. *(Columbia)* . . JERRY WAYNE'S "Betty Blue," fine follow-up to his other hit slicings with the Dell Trio. *(Columbia)* . . . DESI ARNAZ' "Rhumba Rhumbero," with gallons of gusto from Lucille's boy, and "In Santiago, Chile." on the flip of this enchilada. Ees someseeng like "Manana" I theenk! *(Victor)* . . . PERRY COMO'S crack at those "Easter Parade" ditties, "Better Luck" and "It Only Happens When I Dance With You," is nice grist for your mill. *(Victor)* . . . The Boston Pops really gets that Metronome up to 168 for the delightful, jazzlike "Fiddle Faddle," one of the most infectious things since poison ivy. *(Victor)* . . . ART LUND'S "It Was Written In The Stars," "What's Good About Goodbye," "For Every Man There's A Woman," "Someone Cares," "It Only Happens When I Dance With You" and "May I Still Hold You." *(MGM)* . . . FRANKIE LAINE'S "That Ain't Right, Baby," groovey blues with all the zest and holler those Laine cords possess. *(Mercury)* . . . PEGGY LEE'S "Caramba, It's The Samba!" follow-up to "Manana," with "Baby, Don't Be Mad At Me" on the flip, lush mush, but real plain. *(Capitol)* . . . MEL TORME'S "Cottage For Sale," gorgeous performance by "The Velvet Fog" on the great Willard Robison standard with some light, cute bounce behind "I Want A Girl Like You." Mel's in MGM's picture, "Words And Music." *(Musicraft)*



The John Lunds attend party for Bing Crosby after "Emperor Waltz" premiere.

HOT!!!

HARRY JAMES: Jesse James' daddy on the flames on a brace of reissues that you've been screamin' for. And just like a fish loves the ocean, and a union collector his dues, like a dog loves his master and an indigent housewife her stews —so will you love the "Trumpet Blues" and cantabile, which happens when the fiddles begin to faddle. Flip's "The Carnival Of Venice." *(Columbia)*

LIONEL HAMPTON: "Rockin' In Rhythm." The Hamp wraps his band around two sides of Duke Ellington's famous composition but it sure doesn't sound like E.K.E. *(Decca)*

DIZZY GILLESPIE: Yeah, as I live and bop! Diz does everything! Specifically "Ool-ya-koo," Diz' first cookie using his new bongo player, Lou Gonzales. And when the modern stuff is flavored with a dash of Cubano, Joe, well, it's hard as lard, and twice as greasy! Title refers to a be-bop vocal, like "Oo-papada" or "Dob-bla-bli." Diz does wonders on that horn, and if the scads of imitators have you bewitched, bothered and bewildered about bop, just dig Diz, the master. Flip is "Good Bait," one of John Burks Gillespie's standards. *(Victor)*

GENE KRUPA JAZZ TRIO: Genie with the light brown drumsticks and this kid just finished a picture for Columbia, another in the "Thrills Of Music," short subject series, and if you don't ask your theatre man to play it, we'll hit you on the head with our beanbag. This waffle is the sequel to "Dark Eyes" and spots the marinated tenor of Charley Ventura with Teddy Napoleon stroking the Steinway on "Stompin' At The Savoy" and "Body And Soul." *(Columbia)*

FREDDIE SLACK'S BOOGIE WOOGIE: Oh, get thee behind that 8-beat!

Are you in the know?



What's a jilted jane to do?

- ☐ *Let his memory linger on*
- ☐ *Pursue him by mail*
- ☐ *Get herself a hobby*

If last summer's knight beams at someone else this season—no use toting the torch. Now is the hour to get yourself a hobby. Something fun and worthwhile—that keeps your brain, or hands, or tootsies (why not learn to tap dance?) active. Fight off "calendar" blues, too, with the self-assurance Kotex brings. You see, there's *extra* protection in that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. Helps preserve your peace of mind. Puts wings on worry!



In business, must she begin with—

- ☐ *Good follow-through*
- ☐ *All the answers*
- ☐ *A promising career*

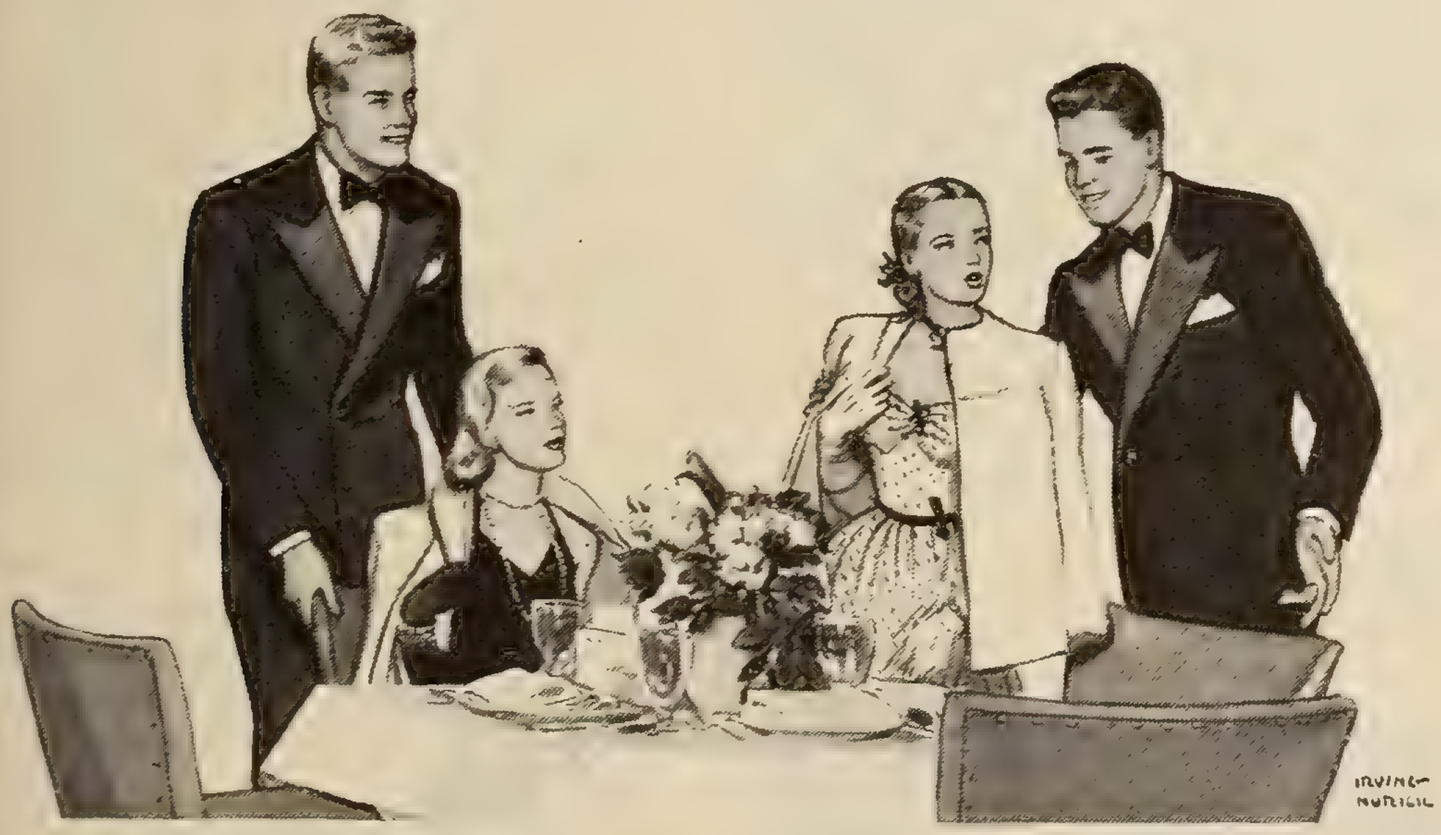
Your first job? Calm those jitters. The boss won't expect you to be a quiz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser; finish what you start. Good follow-through is a business must. And don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. No excuse, with the new, softer Kotex! *Dependable* is definitely the word for such miracle-softness that *holds its shape.* You can stay on the job in comfort, for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.



Which togs are best for "tubby"?

- ☐ *A tweed suit*
- ☐ *A gabardine dress*
- ☐ *A sweater and skirt*

Lassie with the buxom chassis—buy your togs with special care! Ixnay on sweaters. Steer clear of tweeds. (Heavy fabrics add bulk.) To pare down your upholstery, select *smooth*, figure-flattering materials. Gabardine, for instance—for casual wear. Different girls have different needs; in clothes, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex gives *every* girl a choice of *3 Kotex sizes.* It's easy to learn which suits *you* best: Just try all 3—Regular, Junior, Super.



Should the lady be seated—

- ☐ *Opposite the other girl*
- ☐ *At her left*
- ☐ *At her right*

Everything could be kopasetic—if she could be sure just where to sit. Ever bedevilled by this doubt? Then listen. Table etiquette decrees that ladies be seated opposite each other. Knowing for certain will de-panic you, next time. Same as knowing (at certain times) that with Kotex you're safe from tell-tale outlines. Never a panicky moment, thanks to those special *flat pressed ends.* That's because you're sure they won't show; won't betray your secret. Yes . . . for confidence, you can trust Kotex. No doubt about it!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

Granted you're in the know about napkins... what about *deodorants* for napkin use? Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness—yet, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best—sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest Powder* is made especially for napkin use.

Being unscented, Quest Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odors. Quest *destroys* them. Safely. *Positively.* To avoid offending, buy a can of Quest Powder today!



Quest Deodorant Powder

Ask for it by name

And get mashoogie with the boogie! 'Cause "beat-me-daddy" Freddie Slack really stiffens your back with this fresh albumful of 8-to-the-bar material. There's B.W. by a small group and B.W. by the whole band. There's "Beverly Boogie," "The Brown Danube," "Boogie In G" and "Is I Gotta Practice, Ma?" with Don Raye vibrating his cords, all with Frederick and rhythm section comin' in your direction. And with the full band there's "Chopstick Boogie" and "Boogie Minor," a whole torrent of B.W., enough to make your wig fly! (*Capitol Album CC 83*)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

Dear FR: I hear that Bob Mitchum (*pause for sigh-lence*) has made some records. Is that true? If so when will they be released? I dig your column every month and it really knocks me out.

Sincerely,
Marylyn Morse,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Marylyn: Not that I know of, unless he did 'em before the ban. If so 'twas probably for Decca, 'cause they do most of the waxing with movie stars. Thanx for the nice words.

Recordially, FR

—o—

Dear Fred: Do you happen to know how tall Mel Torme is? I've heard everything from 5 feet up. You really started something when you labeled him "The Velvet Fog." I've heard him called everything from the "Flannel Smog" to the "Corduroy Haze." How many records has he made by himself?

Sincerely,
Eleanor Smith,
Arlington, Mass.

Dear Ellie: With or without heels? 'Bout 5 feet 5, eyes of blue and a blond thatch on top. Tall enough for you? Should be 'cause Ava Gardner, Cathy Downs, Marilyn Maxwell didn't complain. Mel's cut about 25 sides on his ownsome and about 10 with his group, the Mel-Tones. You'll be diggin' him in "Words And Music."

Recordially, FR

—o—

To *JULIA GAY, BAYONNE, N. J.*: Buddy Rich is on tour with his fine band, has no lace trimmed ball-and-chain as yet, and records for MGM records . . . *IRENE GREER, NEDERLAND, TEX.*: Ray Eberle has his own band and they're at the Hotel New Yorker in N.Y. all summer. Look for a Columbia short subject with Ray and this kid. We're gonna do it right at the hotel and build it all around the ice show there. Probably fall on our *jismogressum*, too. Wanna help us lace our skates?

Lemme hear from you via one of Mr. Donaldson's men in gray (he's the Postmaster General) if you have any little thing bothering you about sharps and flats and the people who dispense 'em.

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Latest Hollywood Gossip!

Continued from page 49

was once under contract to RKO?) are taking no chances. He's sold out his successful San Francisco restaurant and moved down to Hollywood. Frank's going into business that will allow him to be with his adored wife during regular hours. In the meantime, they aren't going to give the gossips a chance to say something's wrong because they were living in different cities.

—o—

Being an active member of the Screen Actors' Guild, Dana Andrews never misses a meeting. Sometimes they last beyond midnight. Invariably Mr. A. invites a group back to the house for late supper. His wonderful wife thinks nothing of getting up, getting dressed and whipping together a mess of eggs for the hungry thespians. No wonder she's so popular.

—o—

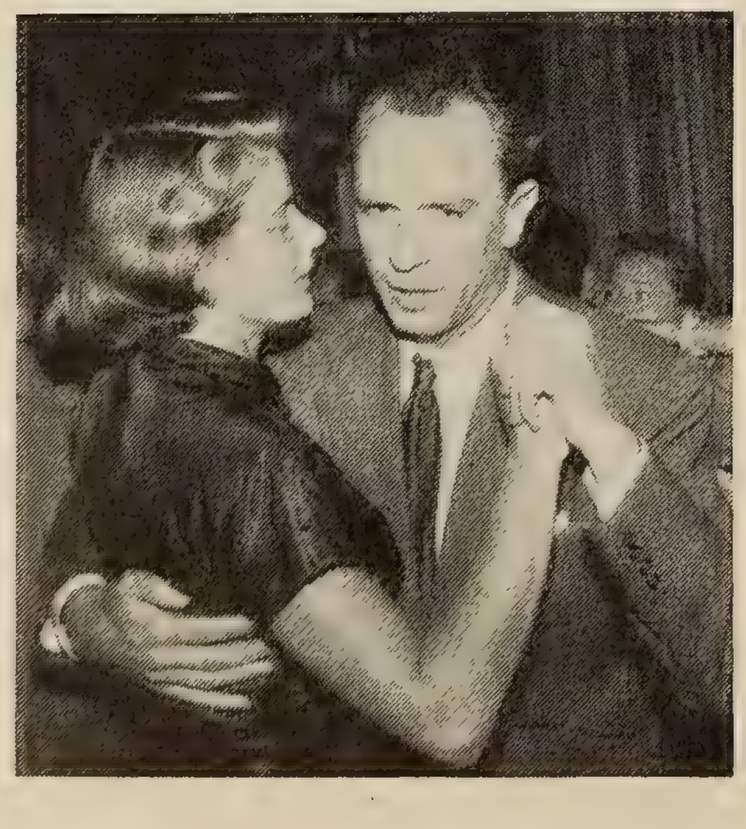
If we hadn't seen it with our own eyes, we'd *still* think some press agent had blown his top. There they were at Mocambo—Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. So help us, the great Swedish star and the good doctor were jitterbugging all over the place! And doggone good, too.

—o—

Life can be beautiful—but not for Bill Holden until he finishes "The Dark Pass." His wonderful head of hair has been clipped to the skull and every night when he gets home, his adoring wife, Brenda Marshall, just looks at him and groans. Bill doesn't wear any makeup in the picture and being a prolific beard grower, he has to shave *twice* a day. Well, at least his producer loves him!!

—o—

Jane Withers has retired to await the stork, but hasn't lost interest in making movies. When hubby Bill Moss was about to produce "The Cat," Janie quick read the script to see if there were any suitable parts for her huddy-buddys. As a result, Lon McCallister gets the big lead.



Ingrid Bergman, now in "Joan Of Arc," dances at Mocambo with husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

—o—

Hollywood is wondering: *What* did Director Otto Preminger whisper to Joan Crawford, that caused those beautiful blue eyes to swim with tears? It was at a dinner party Joan Fontaine gave in honor of Mary Martin, who was appearing locally in "Annie Get Your Gun." When the ladies retired to the powder room, Joan kept right on going—home.

—o—

According to co-workers, Burt Lancaster and Norman Foster, who directed "The Unafraid," didn't agree on certain points. Mostly story points. The rumor does exist that Burt is amongst those *(and there are many)* who believe he is one of our most impressive stars. Personally, we still find him the same unspoiled, earthy guy who first arrived in Hollywood.

—o—

Cast and crew of "Yellow Sky" are heartily in accord with the committee that named Gregory Peck the Screen's "Father Of The Year." Every weekend while they were on location, Greg chartered a plane and flew back to Hollywood to visit his loved ones. Every family man in the troupe was invited.

—o—

Ever since Clifton Webb convulsed the nation in "Sitting Pretty," he hasn't had a moment of peace. In stores, restaurants, and on the street, strangers coyly ask if they can hire him to sit with their babies. Finally, in desperation Cliffy-Pie threatened to strangle the very next person who presented the question. The next one was —the visiting King of Yugoslavia!

—o—

It will always remain Bette Davis' most important party. The occasion was little Barbara Sherry's first birthday. Being born on May Day, the young lady was fittingly presented with a head wreath of real posies. She wore it like a queen while her proud parents snapped a few dozen pictures. Speaking of dauntless Davis, while her more acidic reviewers may not have liked "Winter Meeting," it still rated Bette her greatest number of enthusiastic fan letters.

—o—

Studio Sights: Roy Rogers eating lunch and at the same time, reading those hundreds of letters from kids in Madisonville, Texas. Each one wrote a page asking their idol to attend the annual rodeo. Roy couldn't make it, but the kids' invitation sure thrilled him.

—o—

Premiere Night in Hollywood! The place, the Paramount Theatre. The picture, "The Emperor Waltz." Searchlights sweeping the skies—stars—jewels—motor cars—loud speakers and thousands of fans going mad when Clark Gable arrived with Anita Colby. Speaking of that fabulous-faced creature, about her new short-hairdo, she humorously remarked: "I had it cut this way so Clark would think I looked more like Dolly O'Brien!"

—o—

Oh brother, is the town burning at the James Masons, for those alleged cracks taken at Hollywood! No one has seen them out in public and everyone's wondering if they'll dare show up at Roman-

off's Restaurant. "Prince" Mike, who also writes a syndicated column, reproduced one on his dinner menus. It's "dedicated" to the Masons and the remarks they supposedly made against the popular Beverly Hills eating place. His highness did *not* pull his punches.

—o—

We ran into Van Johnson on the "Command Decision" set and a glummer guy you've never seen. No, it wasn't the part he's playing. Van loves his role. Things couldn't be happier at home. How come then we asked? "The circus is in town," moaned Van. "I was going to realize a lifetime ambition and ride an elephant in the big Spec. At the last minute I had to work." We couldn't have been more *sympathetic.*

—o—

Well, we've finally found one glamour girl who isn't afraid to admit her right age. "Josephine," the famous monkey star celebrated her 41st birthday on the "Words And Music" set. Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, and Ann Sothern all chipped in and bought Josephine a lovely basket of bananas!

—o—

It's in Ann Sheridan's contract that she can okay her scripts. And unless a good one is forthcoming, she's going to sit out her Warner Bros. contract, which expires early in 1949. Annie did okay "Silver River," *(against her better judgment, some say)* but after seeing the picture she felt that any stock actress could have played the role. It's either good parts and not necessarily big parts, or nothing, from now on.

—o—

'Tis gossip and we repeat it as such, that even though Tyrone Power wants to have Linda Christians play opposite him in "Prince Of Foxes," his studio is making every effort to prevent it. If true, this is probably the first time they've ever opposed Ty, who is their favorite, Number One boy on the lot. The rumored reasons are many and varied.

—o—

After 20 years of movie making, Joel McCrea still remains the most unspoiled actor in Hollywood. Recently, he signed for "South Of St. Louis" at Warners. He didn't ask for short working hours or a fancy dressing room. But he did request the particular afternoon off on whatever day Joel, Jr. graduated from public school. Needless to say, they gave it to him.

—o—

Dick Powell couldn't have been more horrified, when he was greeted at the front door by a brunette June Allyson. The poor guy couldn't say a word because dinner guests were present. When the last one departed, June quickly became a blonde again. To his great relief, Dick discovered his little wife was just "breaking in" the wig she wears in "Little Women."

—o—

Recently Rosalind Russell entertained out-of-town guests who wanted to know all about Jimmy Stewart. Roz went into a big thing about Jim's charm and dignity. Then as a surprise, she invited him for dinner. When he arrived he was wearing a tie that lights up and says, "Hello, Toots!!" Rosalind will never *forget the looks on her guests' faces!*



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(Set B.) **Men Stars.** Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Robert Mitchum, Humphrey Bogart, Rory Calhoun, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Tom Drake, Errol Flynn, Glenn Ford, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Guy Madison, Larry Parks, Robert Taylor, Cornel Wilde.

(Set C.) **Men and Women Stars.** Gregory Peck, Shirley Temple, Peter Lawford, Perry Como, Dan Duryea, Alan Ladd, Frank Sinatra, Richard Widmark, June Allyson, Ingrid Bergman, Linda Darnell, Joan Fontaine, Katherine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Esther Williams, and Michael North.

(Set D.) **Pin-ups.** Rita Hayworth, Esther Williams, Betty Grable, Lynn Bari, Marie Wilson, Ann Blythe, Gloria Grahame, Brenda Joyce, Yvonne De Carlo, Gloria De Haven, Cathy Downs, Dale Evans, Jeanne Crain, Ava Gardner, Susan Hayward, Paula Drew.

(Set E.) **Western Stars.** Roy Rogers, "Wild" Bill Elliott, Gene Autry, Don "Red" Barry, Bobby Blake, Bill "Hop-along" Boyd, Johnny Mack Brown, Sunset Carson, Buster Crabbe, Kirby Grant, Monte Hale, Gabby Hayes, Tim Holt, Allan Lane, Al LaRue, Tom Mix.

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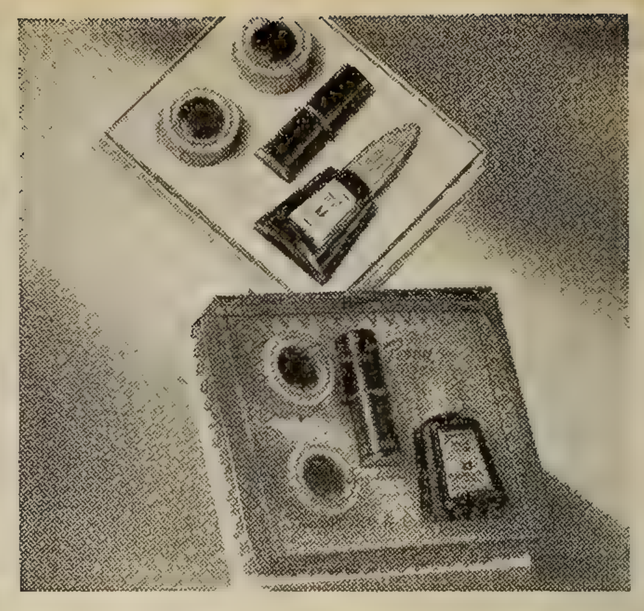
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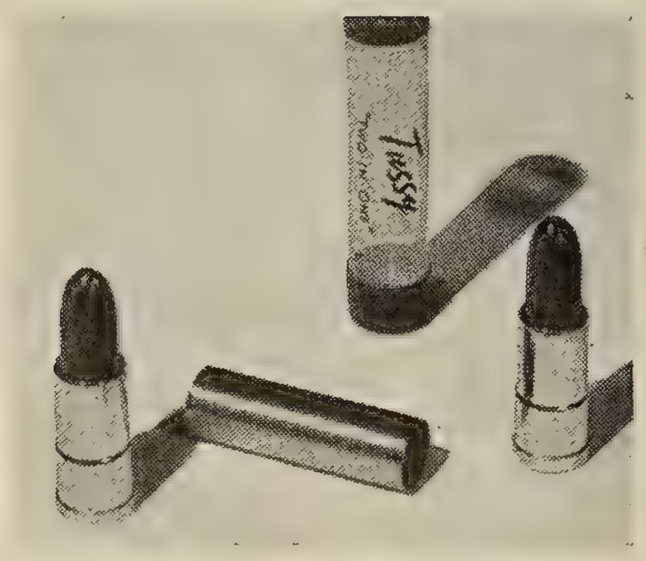


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Guide to Glamour



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Today's Bill Powell

Continued from page 40

with the door shut and with no onlookers.

"I never model a performance on anyone I've actually known," he declared, "but I suppose I do pick up a mannerism here or an effective gesture there. I remember I watched newsreels and listened to political broadcasts while I was working on the *Senator*, and a little of what I got that way may have crept onto the screen. It's not a picture for a wide audience, but it has its points and I enjoyed it very much."

Bill's longest rut, he believes, was the *Thin Man*. Before that role, he had gone from heavies to heroes, from underworld characters to drawing-room comedy, from sophisticated heels to keen-eyed detectives.

"About ten years ago, I underwent severe surgery. I could do nothing for a long while, so I had time to think. I knew I didn't want to be an eternal juvenile. I'd seen too many actors on stage and screen who tried to play young leads after they had a couple of extra chins, a bag under each eye, and hairlines that were trying to make friends with the backs of their necks.

"I'd done one *Thin Man* at the time of my surgery, and he had been fun, for the script was good, the character new to the screen and quite different from other detectives I'd played. I welcomed the chance to do a sequel. My health wasn't too good, it was not as difficult as working out a new character, I let myself be persuaded to go on—and on.

"We were in the war. Pictures ran for weeks everywhere, because people had money or needed to get their minds off what might be happening to their husbands, brothers, sons or fathers. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had too many stars on its contract list, all of whom must have new vehicles. It was every man for himself, and I decided to strike out on my own.

"I had wanted to do *Father* for ages, and tried to get the studio to buy it for me, but they had a rule against taking percentage deals, so they couldn't. My contract with them forbade their loaning me to any studio without my consent, and I wasn't to make outside deals without their permission. However, with the help of my agents and MGM's agreement, I finally managed to get over to Warners' for the film. I'd read about *Father*, thought about him a lot, but I can't say I worked out an entirely different characterization from those seen on the stage. After all, Howard Lindsay had helped write the show, played *Father* for five years on the stage, knew the man backward and forward, as well as every mood he'd ever had. I listened to Howard, studied the role with him, finally had the feeling I knew the man, too. How he loved that woman! I felt that his love for her went beyond anything in his life, and I tried to get that over on the screen.

"The whole experience was wonderful. It got me out of my rut. I promised myself I'd never crawl back into it."

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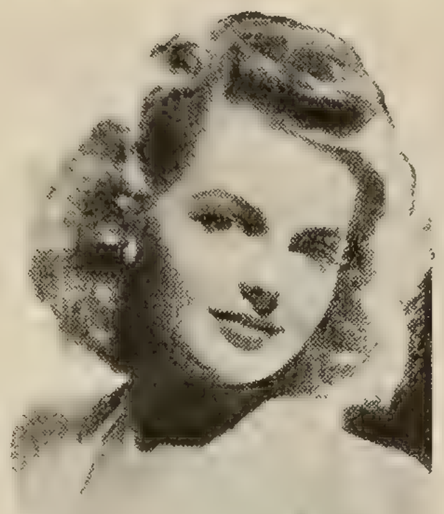
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The Powells have a house in Palm Springs, bought originally as a weekend place. It turned out that they lived in it three-fourths of the year, as Bill made most of his films in Summer. Since building restrictions were lifted, rooms have been added, but the house is still a small one.

"We wish we had as simple a house in Beverly Hills," he confided.

"After breakfast, Diana dashes off to the tennis courts, where she's rapidly becoming a good player; I retire to the sun-deck and read till late afternoon, when I join the group on the courts, sit on the sidelines and hiss. I can't play since my surgery, but the legend had grown up that I was practically a champion before that. Everyone listens to what I have to say, or else he's afraid to pick up a racquet while I'm around. They probably think nobody could talk so much tennis if he wasn't really good. I let them believe it. Between us, though, I was never that much of a marvel!"

Reading is Bill's hobby. He doesn't read much fiction these days, but he devours books and magazines on current affairs. He doesn't care for biographies —they merely recount the past—his interest is in the future and what will happen next. He has an intense curiosity about everything, which, since he began doing "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid," has focused somewhat on tropical fish.

For years the Powell nickname has been "Willie Poo." You see it on his match-folders, cigarette boxes, small items in his dressing room. So when, on the first day of the new picture, Diana presented him with a snifter glass containing a miniature goldfish, he promptly christened the little creature, "Miss Oop."

"She'd come to the side of her glass when I was having lunch," he explained. "I'd feed her as I ate. She'd open and shut her mouth, as if she were saying her name, and I found her wonderful company. But one night California weather went berserk; the thermometer forgot where it was and dipped below freezing. My dressing room grew so cold that poor little Miss Oop gave up the ghost. I found her lying on her side, frozen, next morning. You can't imagine how much I missed her. Now, Diana has given me a big tank of tropical fish, two couples, beautifully colored, one dark scavenger and two snails. The dark fellow has drooping whiskers and a leer, he scoots along the bottom of the tank, sliding past the little castle, hiding in the sea grasses. He looks like the *Senator*, who was also a slippery cuss, so that's what I call him. Oh, they're great time-wasters—but interesting! I mean to get books about them, see the head of the local aquarium, find out more. . ."

The new telescope at Palomar intrigues Mr. Powell greatly; one of these days he intends to have a look at the universe through it.

"I've viewed the moon and the stars through the instrument on Mt. Wilson, while an authority explained what I was seeing, and I was amazed at how fascinating I found it. My astronomy is none too reliable, so I mean to read more extensively before my Palomar trip."

Bill doesn't play chess. It looks too profound, he says. Bridge is not for him: when he takes cards in hand, he wants to enjoy himself, and bridge partners take themselves too seriously. Poker and gin-rummy can be played without partners, and Bill likes to be on his own.

Tennis and golf being out, he has surveyed other avenues of relaxation. Diana is taking painting lessons from John Vogel, with Anita Colby and other film celebrities, and is doing well with still life studies, but so far Bill hasn't joined in her hobby. Stranger things have happened though. There was the time when all Hollywood was engrossed in jigsaw puzzles. You couldn't enter a set without seeing a table or board laden with curiously shaped scraps. Bill sneered at the puzzle-fiends until he was bitten by the bug and spent all night fitting tiny pieces into a puzzle.

Not so long ago, Bill had a reputation as a practical joker. I remember hours spent on mess hall tables, while sidewinder snakes, gathered from desert dunes in milk bottles by Bill and his pals, writhed on the ground, to be caught once more by the most agile actor; the hilarious night Bill danced *Salome* draped in a tablecloth; the toothpicks and salted olives I've found in my coffee after Bill's arrival at a commissary table . . . He's not like that any more.

"Any tricks played at our house will be indulged in by Diana's friends," he asserted. "She fills the place with youth. You change your pace as you pass from one phase to another, but each phase is good at the time."

He insists he's not too adventurous these days, but he says it with a grin. He was one of the party who made the first trip on the first Constellation, guest of Howard Hughes, across the country and back. He found that thrilling, though they broke no records, as he remembers.

It's all Luck, some people say. It's entirely Fate, declare others. Who gets credit for Bill's continuing success?

"I'm sure there's such a thing as Luck," Bill measured one of his "Willie Poo" folders against a cigarette, carefully. "Here's an example: When I was a very young actor, I played stock in Oregon. I played *Joe Brooks* in 'Paid In Full,' under the direction of Thomas Coffin Cooke, who had previously been connected with Wagenhals and Kemper, who produced the play on Broadway. It was a good part, I liked it, and Mr. Cooke told me it was my kind of role.

" 'If I ever find a new play with a similar character, I'll put you on Broadway in it,' he promised me. 'We'd have a hit!'

"That was nice; I was pleased; but I doubt if either of us expected it to come to anything. It must have been four or five years later, when I was pounding the New York pavements looking for work, that I met Mr. Cooke on the street, entirely by accident. He'd rejoined Wagenhals and Kemper, they had a new play called 'Spanish Love,' and were looking for a leading man.

" 'What are you doing, Bill?' he asked.

" 'Nothing,' I admitted, grimly.

" 'Come on, let me show you to the boys!' he cried. He had me read the part, and I played it on Broadway for forty weeks before taking it on tour. After that, movie offers came in thick and fast.

"It was luck that I met Cooke, for he had no idea how to reach me, even if he had recalled my *Joe Brooks*. Still, if I hadn't done some hundred and fifty roles in stock and half a dozen plays in New York, I wouldn't have known how to build my character. I'd had time to learn how to use my tools.

"It may be that Fate sits up somewhere pulling strings, but I'm not sold on the theory. As I see it, it's up to us to perfect our tools and use them as skillfully as possible."

"Ready, Mr. Powell?" the assistant director appeared at the door.

Bill climbed up into the speedboat, pulled on his raincoat, and huddled in the stern once more. The fog drifted in, and before my eyes he seemed to dwindle into a mouse of a man, *Mr. Peabody*, the Proper Bostonian, who had fallen in love with a mermaid, and was broken-hearted because he had lost his *Lenore*.

Key Largo

Continued from page 30

"Oh." Curly's eyes lost some of their glitter. "Whyn't you say so? He's out by the boathouse."

The uncomfortable feeling stayed with him as M'Cloud walked down the narrow path to the pier jutting out into the Bay. Then he saw the old man sitting in the wheelchair and suddenly everything was the way he had thought it was going to be. He had George's eyes, but M'Cloud would have known him even without that added clue.

"Mr. Temple," he said. "My name's M'Cloud. Frank M'Cloud."

"M'Cloud?" Temple's voice rose eagerly. "Not . . . not Major M'Cloud? Nora!" he called excitedly. "Come quick! See who's here!"

M'Cloud felt that quick pang as the girl came out of the boathouse. She was so right, so everything he had expected her to be. It was more than that quiet charm of hers, her clear blue eyes, her soft honey-colored hair so simply arranged. It was an inner thing, an integrity a man could feel even on first sight like this.

"Hello, Mrs. Temple," he said. "Your husband and I were in the same outfit overseas."

"As if she didn't know," Temple chuckled. "How long'll you be able to stay with us, Major?"

"An hour or so. I'm on my way to Key West."

"An hour. Only an hour?" The old man sounded like a disappointed child. "Surely you can spare us more'n that. There's so much to talk about. Stay the night, anyway."

M'Cloud couldn't deny the pleading in the old voice.

"We'll talk as long as you like," he promised. "That's why I'm here." And as Temple turned his chair excitedly and began propelling himself towards the hotel, Nora smiled for the first time as she swung into step beside M'Cloud.

They were within sight of the hotel when the police car suddenly turned into the driveway and the two men, Ben

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Wade, the sheriff, and Clyde Sawyer, his deputy, got out of it.

"Seen anything of the Osceola brothers, Mr. Temple?" Wade called. "They broke out of jail and we figured they'd be heading for home."

"Sorry, Ben," Temple shook his head, but though Wade started to climb in the car again, the deputy stood his ground.

"Mind if we look around?" he asked doggedly.

Temple shrugged. "You won't find those two Indians, 'cause they ain't here," he said. "Maybe they're out in the mangroves, maybe. But if I were you I'd save myself the trouble wading after them, as I reckon they'll probably be givin' themselves up before morning." He waited until the car had started again before he went on. "Those boys and George grew up together," he said then. "No harm in 'em. They went to Palm Grove, got themselves a snootful and started to take Florida back for the Indians. I sent word for 'em to come in and give themselves up. Not that I know where they are, understand."

"The Indians really trust Dad Temple," Nora said softly. "As far as they're concerned he's the United States of America."

They were wonderful people, Nora and the old man. The hotel seemed the way it should be, now that they were in it. Even Curly sprawled out in one of the lobby chairs no longer seemed sinister as they walked past him into Temple's office.

"Major," Nora said taking the chair next to her father-in-law's. "Were you with George when he died?" And then as he nodded, her hand closed over the old man's. "Was he in very much pain?"

M'Cloud gave it to her straight because it was easiest that way. "He never knew what hit him," he said. "He was a good soldier. From start to finish you'd have been proud of him. It wasn't just a matter of doing his duty. He was always looking for a way to do more and finding it. He *had* to be killed. The wonder is he lasted 'til Cassino."

Nora spoke so quietly. "When you believe like George believed, maybe dying isn't very important."

Temple nodded. "The thing is, George believed in what he died for. People's rights to hold their head up."

M'Cloud tried not to let them see what he was feeling as the old bitterness welled up within him. He had felt that way too . . . once. But now victory and everything that went with it was like ashes in his mouth. But he couldn't tell them that. He couldn't take the little they had left away from them.

"George talked about you all the time," he said instead. "You'd never guess the things I know about you both. Like the inscription in your wedding ring, Nora. It says, 'Evermore'." He looked away from the sadness in her eyes. "He talked so much about this country, it gave me the idea of maybe settling here. I'm tired of wandering around."

No one said anything. Suddenly a strong gust of air sent the papers on the table flying around the room. Somewhere a shutter slammed shut and from a distance came the wail of a siren.

"That's a storm warning," the girl said. "We'd better close the shutters and get the lamps."

The rain started before they reached the lobby. All the four men were there now, and as M'Cloud went over to one of the windows, Curly looked up.

"Gettin' ready for the hurricane, uh?" he asked affably. But as the telephone rang, and Nora hurried towards it, his voice changed abruptly. "Don't answer it," he snarled.

His arm shot out blocking her way as he made a lunge for the phone and as M'Cloud started towards them he found himself staring into the automatics the others had suddenly whipped out of their pockets. So it hadn't been imagination that feeling he had before of being held by invisible guns.

"Hello?" Curly's slow drawl into the telephone added to the unreality of the scene. "No, Mr. Temple isn't here. No, she's not here either. Me? I'm a guest at the hotel. No, we haven't seen your deputy. Sure. If he shows up I'll tell him to call back."

He hung up the phone and motioned towards the stairs, and with the guns driving them on there was nothing to do but obey. Temple's face whitened as M'Cloud and Nora half pushed, half pulled his chair upstairs.

"Shouldn't have let 'em stay," he muttered. "Should've known something was wrong hiring the whole place like this out of season." His voice rose to a shout. "I'm not afraid of your guns. Go ahead, shoot. You haven't got the nerve."

"Careful, Mr. Temple," M'Cloud cautioned, his eyes fixed on the door at the head of the stairs and the man who stood there, eyeing them arrogantly. He had seen that face before. He knew it.

"You'd think this rain would cool things off," the man's voice was as arrogant as the rest of him. "But it don't seem to."

"Listen you," Temple said. "You, Mr. Brown. Are you thieves or what? Is this a robbery?"

The man called Brown leisurely moved his cigar to the other corner of his mouth. "Look, Pop, forget the questions. What you don't know won't hurt you. We'll be outa here in a coupla hours and . . ."

He stopped, showing tension for the first time as that sudden groan sounded behind him. He turned but it was too late to stop the man making his uncertain way to the door. It was Sawyer, the deputy, and M'Cloud's stomach tightened as he saw the blood streaming down his face from the wound in his forehead. Nora started towards him, but a gun waved her back.

Somehow the deputy managed to keep his feet. "You won't get away with it, Rocco," he said and at the name something clicked in M'Cloud's brain, and he was back in his old newspaper days in Chicago, before the War.

"Johnny Rocco, of course," he said.

The deputy's eyes looked glazed. "I came back looking for the Osceola boys," he said in a wavering voice. "In the lobby I ran up against him," he nodded towards Curly. "He didn't look right to me so I asked a few questions. The answers were fishy and I put in a call to Ben Wade. But before I got it he

knocked me on the head. And when I woke up here Rocco was standing over me."

"Rocco," Temple repeated wonderingly. "I know that name."

"Rocco, the gangster, Mr. Temple," M'Cloud said grimly. "The one and only Rocco. They threw him out of the country."

"Yeah, that's right," the short dark man's mouth twisted around his cigar. "I was a citizen for ten years. They pin a rap on me and anybody isn't born here loses his citizenship if he serves more time 'n a year. Undesirable alien they called me. Me! Johnny Rocco!"

Temple gave him a long look. "Then how is it you're here?" he asked.

"Maybe I'm not, Pop," Rocco said. "This ain't real what's happening. You're having a dream."

"Wake up, Pop," the gangster they called Toots grinned. "You're snoring."

Temple ignored him. "You're right, Rocco," he said. "They shouldn't have deported you. You should've been exterminated, like a filthy disease."

The squat figure darted forward, but before he reached them M'Cloud interposed. "I apologize for Mr. Temple," he said. "He doesn't know what he's talking about or who to. Sir," his watchful eyes turned to the old man, "Johnny Rocco was more than a king. He was an emperor. His rule extended over all the forbidden enterprises. He was master of all. Whom he couldn't corrupt he terrified. Whom he couldn't terrify he murdered. You're hopelessly old-fashioned, Mr. Temple. You're still living in a day when America believed it could get along without Johnny Rocco." He made a mocking bow. "Welcome back, Rocco. It was all a mistake. America is sorry for what it did to you."

"Yeah, that's me," Rocco smiled complaisantly. "I was all those things and more. And it'll be like that again. Only more so. I'll be back up there one of these days. Then you'll really see something. I'll be pulling strings to get guys elected mayor and governor. I can make 'em like a tailor makes a suit of clothes and . . . "

Temple straightened indignantly. "If that time ever comes," he began, but M'Cloud's bitter laugh stopped him.

"The time has come, Mr. Temple," he said. "It's here."

"Okay," Rocco shot him a furious glance. "You know all about me. What's with you, wise guy? Give."

"I'm a nobody," M'Cloud said. "Thought I might come down here and get a boat maybe. Life's become a little too complicated for my tastes."

"In the War, weren't you?" Rocco demanded. And then as M'Cloud nodded. "Any medals?"

"A couple," M'Cloud's mouth tightened.

"Brave, huh?" Rocco grinned. "Why'd you stick your neck out?"

"No good reason," M'Cloud said grimly. "It had something to do with freedom. I was a fool. I believed something I was told. 'We are fighting today,'" he quoted, remembering how much the words had once meant to him, "'for security and progress and for peace, not only for ourselves but for all men, not

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Rocco's grin widened. "What's that all about?' he asked.

M'Cloud looked away from his mocking eyes. "Nothing, as it turned out," he said.

Temple's hands clutched the arm of his chair. "I remember those words," he said.

"Then there are two of us," M'Cloud said.

Temple didn't notice the irony in the quiet voice. "We rid ourselves of your kind once and for all," he said and suddenly he was standing. "You're not coming back." He took a step forward but that was all his withered legs could stand. Half sobbing, he caught hold of a chair and eased himself into it. "Strike them dead, Lord!" he cried. "Let loose a bolt of lightning. It doesn't matter about us, just so's you kill them."

Almost as if in answer to his words the first burst of thunder came and the house rocked in the new fury of the wind. There was a scream and the door of a room further down the corridor flew open and the girl Gaye stood there, her sodden face distorted in fear. She stood there swaying drunkenly a moment. Then she ran to Rocco.

"I'm afraid," she wailed.

He pushed her out of the way and faced M'Cloud. "I can see right through you," he said. "What you really think is, 'I'm better than Rocco. He's filth, like the old man says. He's got a gun,' you think, 'and I haven't.' Listen, soldier, you can make your hopes come true. But you got to die for it." He reached in his pocket for an automatic and threw it to M'Cloud, reaching for Curly's gun at the same moment. "See where I'm aiming it? Right at your belly. Go ahead, shoot!"

The gun was there solid in his hand, but he didn't use it. He saw the eyes looking at him, the cynical, mocking ones, the desperate, proud ones. And yet he didn't use it.

"What's the matter, sister?" he heard Rocco laugh. "You look like somebody died was near and dear. Hey, Curly, Gaye, anybody, want a hero? Here's one for sale cheap."

M'Cloud couldn't look at Nora. And as he turned he saw the deputy make that lunge towards him and felt the gun ripped out of his hand. It clicked, but it didn't go off. And before the bewildered deputy could try it again the bullet from Rocco's gun reached him and he staggered against the railing. There was that crashing sound then and he toppled out of sight to the floor below.

For a moment the only sound was the wind screaming outside. Then Nora spoke.

"The gun wasn't loaded! He never had a chance."

"That's right, sister," Rocco laughed as he swaggered towards the stairs. "The gun wasn't loaded. But our hero didn't know it."

Temple turned hopefully. "You knew that gun was empty, didn't you, son?" he asked pleadingly. "You weren't afraid."

"No, sir, I didn't," M'Cloud said dully. "And I *was* afraid. But that's not why I didn't pull the trigger. It simply wasn't worth dying for."

"What's the difference, son," Temple said gently, "in fighting against a Hitler or a Rocco?"

"Not much," M'Cloud agreed. "Only I believed when we went to war. I don't any more."

Nora's eyes flashed. "If I believed your way, I'd want to be dead. too, like George," she said. She stopped as a gust of wind blew through the corridor toppling over a table. A lamp went down with a crash and overhead the electric lights began flickering. "We must close the storm shutters in the other rooms," she said quietly, "or the roof'll be blown off."

"Downstairs, sister," Toots said waving them all on with his gun. He turned to the one called Angel. "Go shut them," he ordered.

The deputy's body was gone when they got downstairs. The blonde girl was already in the bar and Rocco smothered an oath as he stalked over to her, taking the bottle she was about to pour away from her.

"Didn't I say, no drinking?" he snarled.

"You gave me my first drink, Johnny," she said. She went over to him clutching at his arm. "Don't be mean to me," she quavered. She tried to smile. "Gee, honey, that's the song I used to sing to you, remember?"

"I gave her her first chance," Rocco grinned. "Took her out of the chorus. Made her a singer. Mention that while you're at it. Why ain't you a singing star instead of a lush?"

"I was the rage," Gaye said wistfully.

Rocco laughed. "Whyn't you sing us your old song, Gaye," he said.

She shuddered. "Don't make me," she whispered.

"I wouldn't *make* you do anything," he sneered. "Tell you what though, sing us your song and you can have a drink."

"Can I have the drink first," she begged.

"No," his voice was adamant. "The song first. Then the drink."

It was awful, even worse than M'Cloud had thought it would be, her cracked voice and stiff, self-conscious gestures and not a trace of the thing she must have had once. She sang to Rocco and he laughed at her as she sang. But when she finished she clung to his arm.

"Give me my drink, Johnny," she begged.

"No," he brushed her hand away as he laughed. "You were rotten."

"But you promised," she begged and it was even more awful than her singing had been, seeing her go to pieces like that. And Rocco looking at her with no pity at all in his eyes.

"Here," M'Cloud said suddenly and he felt as if he were straightening himself from his stomach up as he walked over to the bar and poured her a drink. Then as she gulped it down he stood there waiting for whatever would come. And what came was worse in a way than a bullet would have been. But he stood there taking it as Rocco slapped him

across the face three times. Then when it was over he went to a corner table and sat down.

He couldn't believe it at first when Nora followed him. He believed it even less when her hand went out and found his. "I'm sorry about what I said upstairs," she said. "He might have killed you and you knew it. Maybe it is a rotten world, Frank, but a cause isn't lost as long as someone is willing to go on fighting."

"I'm not that someone," he said.

"But you are," she said quietly. "You may not want to be, but you can't help yourself. I know from the way you look and talk. And from things George wrote me. He knew the kind you are."

They sat there a long time and nothing seemed to matter any more. It was almost as if they could hear the storm going. He leaned over and kissed her hair and she smiled.

"Will we ever see you again?" she asked.

They didn't know Temple had wheeled himself over to them until he spoke. "Stay right here, why don't you," he said. "You tell him, Nora. We'd be proud if you'd look on us as your family."

He couldn't speak above the lump in his throat. Then there was no chance to answer for the door opened and Toots came in. He held the door half shut so they didn't see the little group of people huddled on the porch.

"The boat, it's gone!" he cried. "That dirty skipper took it away. What are we gonna do? We can't stay here . . now."

Rocco walked to the door and looked down at the Bay. "There's a boat down there. It'll get us to Cuba. And the soldier can run it. He said he was hankering for a boat."

"No," Temple called. Then suddenly he saw the Indians on the porch and started towards them. But before he reached the door one of them got up motioning to his companions to go. And as they started away, M'Cloud saw that two of them were women and the others, except for the one other man were children.

"You, Mr. Temple," the Indian said stoically. "You're not a good man. You don't let nobody in. That's no good. My brother, me, us not do like you say any more. No go Ben Wade. That man," he pointed to Curly, "he say you no let women and baby in house."

It did no good to call after them. It did no good for Temple to give way to his fury either, with the gunmen laughing uproariously. Then suddenly the door opened again and Ben Wade stood there. His face was white as if he had had a shock.

"I came looking for Sawyer," he said grimly. "And I just found him outside. He was murdered."

"Those Indians you were talking about," Rocco said. "They were here."

"No," Temple shouted. But Wade just gave him that contemptuous look and left. M'Cloud started after him but Rocco's gun held him back.

"You're going with us, soldier," he said.

The shot came, followed by another. It seemed an eternity, but it was only a minute before Wade came back.

"They tried to get away," he said. "I killed 'em both."

Temple's gnarled hands went up to his face as though he were trying to shut out not only the Osceola brothers, but the whole world and everything in it. He didn't even move as Wade left and Rocco motioned to M'Cloud.

"Well, soldier?" he asked.

"I'll go," M'Cloud said unexpectedly and again he saw the disappointment flare into Nora's eyes. But this time it was different. This time he was right with himself. "There never has been," he told himself and this time he knew it was true, "and never can be a successful compromise between good and evil. Only total victory can reward the champions of tolerance and decency and freedom and faith." And it was funny how it had taken the Osceolas to make him see it so shining and clear.

Gaye's voice cut in on his thoughts then as Toots and one of the others came down with the bags. "Where are my things?" she asked.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Rocco grinned as he swaggered towards the door. "You're not coming. Here," he shoved some money into her hand. "On this you can stay drunk a month."

"Johnny, please!" She threw herself against him. "I'll stop drinking! I'll be good luck for you like I was before."

Rocco flung her away from him and at the time it seemed an accident that she fell against M'Cloud. But afterwards he knew it was no accident. For when he put his hand in his pocket he felt Rocco's gun in it where she had placed it.

They were on the boat when he found it, the war surplus Navy launch Temple had bought. But he didn't do anything about it then. He waited until they were far out at sea.

They couldn't take the choppy water, those tough guys. They were sick and went below. But M'Cloud waited his chance. It was Ralph who came up first staggering to the rail and as he bent over M'Cloud veered the boat sharply and the man swung out into the sea. But first he screamed.

There was just time to hide behind the wheelhouse before the others came up. He picked them off, one after the other and one of their bullets got him in the shoulder. But it didn't matter now that the world was wiped clean of them.

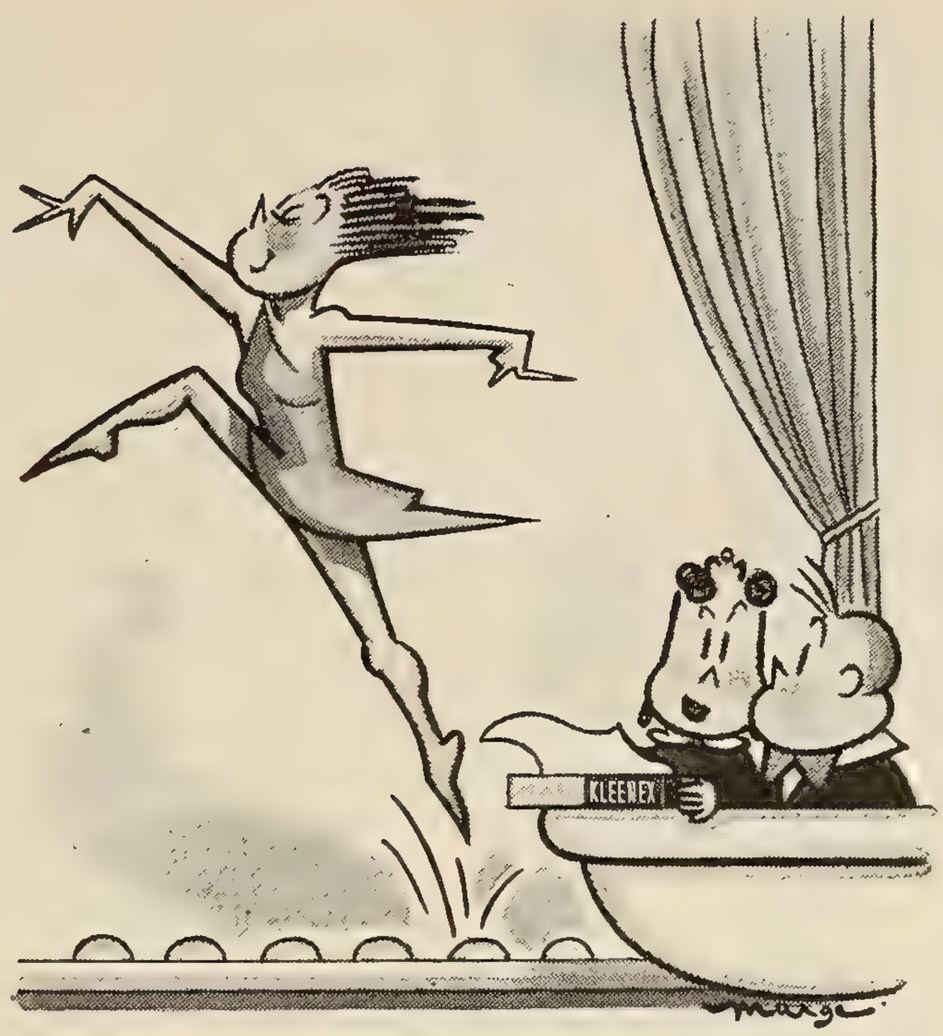
Only he had to get back, back to Nora. He swung the boat around and that was all his bad shoulder could take. So he lashed the wheel and set the boat's course. He saw the telephone then and he began babbling in delirium even before he took off the receiver.

He tried to keep the words from all running into each other and couldn't. But they made sense to him. At long last they made sense to him.

"Hello, Nora," he said. "You were right. As long as we fight, George didn't die for nothing. We've got to keep fighting. But first I'm heading for home. Home being Key Largo."

And it was funny how as he talked, it seemed as if Nora's arms were already around him, holding him.

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Making Every Minute Count

Continued from page 45

marvelous. If there was any question about a line or a new slant on a scene, he'd call us all in to talk it over, and listen to what we had to say. He directs as if we were in the theatre. He never says, 'Cross on that line,' but 'Get an impulse to cross.'

"In the picture, I am the Judge's daughter, an independent, grown-up girl studying law and in love with Edmond O'Brien, as different a role as I've ever done. Speaking of Mr. O'Brien—" her blue eyes lighted up, "we're both Shakespeare addicts. When we had time between scenes, we'd get together and read scenes from 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Hamlet,'—oh, all his plays. It's such *fun* to find someone who enjoys reading plays as I do."

Famous faces were no novelty to Geraldine as she grew up. She and her sister used to watch lovely things being created for Katharine Cornell and Tallulah Bankhead, listen to discussions of new plays at star-studded dinner tables, and see productions on which their parents had worked. One day Geraldine found Gertrude Lawrence trying on a suit made for her U.S.O. tour overseas.

"I had on a flower-band hat," she recalled. "I used to take bicycle clips, cover them and sew on flowers, fasten a small comb in front to hold them firmly, and there was my hat! Daddy gave me the flowers and they were lovely. Miss Lawrence said to Daddy, 'I wonder if that girl would mind telling me where she got her hat? It would be wonderful with my suit.'

" 'That girl,' said Daddy, 'is mine. I'm sure she'll tell you.' "

Geraldine said she'd make her a hat and sat up most of the night creating an apple-green and orange flower-band, which Gertrude loved.

The encounter resulted in a Gertrude Lawrence imitation to add to Geraldine's repertoire gathered since kindergarten days.

The summer she was sixteen, the girl did summer stock in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Montclair, New Jersey, playing with Fred Stone in "You Can't Take It With You," and doing ingenue chores in "Junior Miss" and "Kiss And Tell." It was grand, grand, grand! She selected a stage name, "Brooks" instead of "Stroock," and decided to become an actress immediately after graduation from high school.

"Heavens, no!" was the family reaction. "Every girl needs a college education."

Geraldine pointed out that she was president of the Drama Club at the Julia Richmond High School, that she'd done several plays, even directed one, knew exactly what she wanted, and college for her was just a waste of time. In a weak moment, however, she allowed herself to apply for and be accepted at Syracuse University, but before entrance time arrived, she revolted.

"At least," compromised her bemused family, "go to the American Academy of Dramatic Art for a year. Promise not to look for a job for twelve months?" Geraldine reluctantly promised.

The year wasn't quite up when family friend, Emil Friedlander of Dazian Fabric House, who supplied fabrics to Brooks Costume Company, happened to be in a theatre where the cast of "Follow The Girls" was rehearsing. He heard them moaning before he discovered what was wrong. They were to open Thursday, and here it was Monday: the actress who was to impersonate Katharine Hepburn in the show was down with appendicitis! Director and cast were ready to slit their throats.

"Jimmy Stroock's little girl does a pretty good Hepburn," spoke up Emil. "She could go on for a couple of nights."

They objected that she was too young, but in the end they sent for her, and were they glad they did when critics singled her out as the hit of the show! When the company played Boston, Katharine Hepburn herself climbed three flights of stairs to Geraldine's dressing room to compliment her. After the first night, the role was built up with more lines. The young actress, who had never had any doubt herself, was now able to prove she was in the right business.

About the time she left "Follow The Girls," the Theatre Guild announced a plan to produce a trilogy of Shakespearean plays. They would do "Romeo And Juliet," with a *Juliet* who could look the correct age, fourteen. Geraldine couldn't believe it when they asked her to read the part. It seemed impossible they would cast an unknown in the great tragedy. After her reading, the Guild signed her to do *Perdita* in "A Winter's Tale" and *Celia* in "As You Like It."

"They never got around to doing more than 'A Winter's Tale,' " she recalled, regretfully. "The idea didn't go over as well as they had expected, but it was interesting while it lasted."

Now that she and Edmond O'Brien have been reading the bard again, Geraldine has begun to hope wistfully that the day will come when she'll do *Juliet* for the screen.

While Geraldine was making her stage debut, the Stroocks refused five motion picture offers for her. This or that was not quite right for their daughter. Then Radie Harris of *Variety*, her mother's friend, suggested the girl for the dramatic role of *Julie* in "Cry Wolf." The 33rd actress to be tested for the part, she was immediately signed by Warner Brothers.

Arrived in Hollywood, Geraldine talked eagerly with all the ex-stage actors she knew. "What's different about the screen?" she asked. "What shall I do?"

"One said: 'Don't move your face much,' " she remembered. "Another told me to talk lower, much lower, and a third warned me against wide gestures. They went into detail about how many inches I had to work in, how I should turn my eyes instead of my head, my head instead of my body, at certain times, keep my arms close, and so on. In the end, I was so confused I forgot it all and behaved as I would have on the stage."

"For my first scenes, we went on location. I was so determined to make good, I read my first speech as if it were intensely dramatic. 'I'm so glad the sun came out!' I cried. Peter Godfrey, our director, who is always sweet and gentle, strolled over to me and said: 'Let's not play *Joan of Arc* today, shall we?' "

That was the day Geraldine met Errol Flynn for the first time. They had barely been introduced before she had to beat him with her riding crop. "I didn't know whether to hit him hard or not," she confessed. "We kept doing the scene, and I kept worrying, and at last I hit very hard. That seemed to be it, and he didn't mind!"

After "Cry Wolf" came Joan Crawford's stepdaughter in "Possessed," a girl somewhat older than *Julie* and with more charm. Also came Geraldine's first screen love scenes.

"I had dreaded them because I thought I'd be embarrassed," she laughed, color creeping into her cheeks, "but I found that the crew never laughs at you. They are all people with their own important job to do."

Geraldine's family came to Hollywood with her when she first arrived, but after a long visit they returned to New York, leaving her in a small court apartment.

"I like the idea of being independent, of making my own decisions and being responsible for them," she said, seriously. "I won't exchange this freedom for marriage yet—maybe not for years. I know that people say this and then turn right around and rush to the altar. One thing at a time for me! Now I'm carving out my career."

There's no ideal man in the back of her mind. It would be nice if she could eventually marry someone in the same profession, but that's not absolutely necessary, if he's a good companion. Tall or short, handsome or homely, it's all the same to Geraldine.

"I'm not married and I can't have pets in my court apartment," she flashed her impish little grin, "but I do have a share in an alley cat called Montgomery. When he sees me coming, he runs up and sits on my doorstep waiting for me. He seems terribly glad to see me, which is flattering, and he's a very intelligent cat—or could it be that I feed him?"

For all that life, so far, has been a bowl of cherries for Warner Brothers' talented young player, she has had one big disappointment. Years ago, she read a book by Robert Nathan called "Portrait Of Jennie."

"That's for me!" she decided. She was much too young at the time, but as years passed and no one made the story, she told herself that they must be waiting for her. When MGM bought the book for Susan Peters—or was it Marsha Hunt?—Geraldine was temporarily dashed. They didn't go ahead with it. "It's Fate—I'll get it yet!" she promised her mirrored self.

Other studios mentioned *Jennie*, then dropped the idea, and when Geraldine signed her contract, she asked the studio to get the role for her. "It's a fantasy, too difficult to screen," they explained, "That's why nobody does it. Better give up the idea."

But Geraldine had a strong feeling that difficulties would be overcome for her. In the bright future, she'd bring her favorite character to the screen. Then came David Selznick's announcement of the picture for Jennifer Jones. "I felt lost for awhile," she admitted. "I'd counted on it for so long."

You can't have everything, and Geraldine has no intention of pining. That "rich, full life" of Miss Farrar's birthday wish is getting richer and fuller and more exciting all the time!

How It Feels To Be A Movie Idol's Wife

Continued from page 27

so it wasn't professional jealousy that made me resent being shoved aside by eager fans. Mostly, I was embarrassed.

"On that New York trip three years ago, fans would come up to our hotel door and besiege Dana; they would jump on taxis in which Dana and I were riding; they would stop him on the street and crowd around him pleading for autographs. They would grab at his handkerchief and seize his coat. I felt like a fifth wheel. I was particularly embarrassed because I was pregnant. While all this fuss was being made over Dana, I would shrink into myself, sneak around the corner or hide in a doorway. I felt terribly conspicuous and out of place.

"Now I accept all the shoving (*which is much worse in New York than in Hollywood*), all the pursuit of Dana and the pushing aside of myself as odd aspects of a queer business, and I don't resent them any more. I know that this great adulation of stars by fans is a phenomenon for which every star should be grateful. Since it is all part of a strange business, I am no longer disconcerted by it. But I must admit that getting used to the idea of being the wife of a movie star was an unnerving experience.

"There was, for instance, the case of Irene—let's call her that because it wasn't her name—who waged a relentless battle to get into our home. When we were living in Sherman Woods, I advertised one day for a woman to help me with the work around the house and with the children. So at first, I wasn't surprised to see a sixteen-year-old girl knocking frantically at our back door. She was red-haired and very pretty and said breathlessly, 'I'd like to help out as a nursemaid.' Of course I thought that she had come in answer to our ad, and I told her, 'Oh, I'm sorry. You look awfully young and I'm looking for a person with experience.'

" 'Oh, but I'd be willing to do any kind of work. I'd be so glad to learn. Please give me a chance.' Then she caught sight of David (*Dana's son by a previous marriage*) and said, 'Hello, David.' I knew then that she was a fan. Only a girl who read the movie maga-



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zines would be apt to know David's name. She confirmed my suspicion by saying that she wanted Dana's autograph.

"'He's out,' I told her, as firmly as I could, 'and I don't expect him home till seven, but if you'll give me your address, I'll send Dana's autograph to you.'

"'Oh, no, that wouldn't do. I want to get it from him personally. I'll wait for him.'

"It was then about two in the afternoon, but she seated herself in the living room, and sat it out until Dana came home. Meanwhile, she told me that she had come in the rain on a street car from Long Beach just to catch a glimpse of Dana.

"When Dana came home, she not only got his autograph, but pleaded with him to intercede for her, so that she might get the job working for us. Dana, of course, told her that was up to me.

"She finally left, but small gifts from her for Dana continued to come to remind us of her existence.

"When we moved to Toluca Lake, I frankly hoped we'd hear no more from Dana's fervent fan, as her continual pleas for a job inside our home were embarrassing. Besides, she was pursuing Dana wherever he went. When he broadcast over the air, she managed to get seats to the broadcast. When he arrived at the studio gate in the morning, he'd find her waiting for him. I hoped she wouldn't discover our new address.

"But she did. One day when my mother-in-law was in the garden planting pansies, she saw a lithe young figure scaling the wall. Startled at first, she wondered if a burglar was trying to get on the premises. But it was Irene. 'May I help you?' she asked my mother-in-law. 'I'm very good at planting flowers.' Then in the next breath she said, 'Won't you please talk to Mrs. Andrews and get her to let me help with the children? I don't care about a salary or anything. I just want to work for Dana.'

"Then there was the fan who sent kisses in the form of pen and ink crossmarks to all the members of the family. Next to Dana's name were the most kisses. There was a reduced number of crossmarks next to the names of each of the children. She ended up with two kisses for me! I guess I should have been grateful, for some of the fans resent the fact that Dana is married, and send no love and kisses for anyone but Dana.

"Some fans, however, show a great deal of touching thoughtfulness. One little girl made covers for bars of soap and sent them to us, 'because I like Dana's pictures so much.' I could picture her little fingers working for hours on the careful crocheting, and I was touched. Then there was the woman who sent a beautiful carriage robe for Stephen, which she had carefully tatted by hand. An intelligent letter came with the robe, too. 'Don't think I'm a silly fan,' she wrote, 'but I have always admired Mr. Andrews' pictures and they have given me great pleasure. I also admire the normal way in which he lives, and so as a token of my esteem I am sending this robe. I hope you will get some use out of it.'

"Think of all the work that has gone into such gifts. One can't help realizing that there is a very sincere feeling when a fan is willing to go to so much trouble, to express her admiration for an actor.

"Nevertheless, there are times when being a movie star's wife can be very exasperating. In my case, this certainly is no fault of Dana's, since he confines his acting strictly to the screen and unlike some actors, is never an exhibitionist. But people are quick to jump on what they consider the flaws of an actor's wife, and they'll criticize her much more readily than they will almost anyone else. I remember when Dana was making 'Boomerang' in the East, a studio car came to take us from New York to Greenwich, Connecticut. It was almost 9 P. M. by the time we arrived there, and we had had no chance to dine. The house wasn't ready for us, and there was no food in the pantry, so we took Kathy and Stephen to a very nice hotel for dinner. As we sat down to eat, I heard a woman say in a loud voice, 'Aren't those movie stars' wives awful? You'd think she'd have sense enough not to keep two small children out so late.'

"I felt I didn't deserve the criticism and resented it. People must imagine that movie stars' wives lead glamourous, undisciplined lives and that their children are brought up in a Bohemian style. Actually our children lead just as routine lives as those of any other normal American family. Ordinarily they are kept on a very strict schedule, and their meal times are carefully planned. However, when circumstances compel a movie star's wife to violate her schedule, people pounce on her as though she were the worst sort of wife and mother."

Mrs. Andrews leaned down to pat Michael, the Andrews' cocker spaniel. I thought how very typical and normal she seemed, very much like the wife of a young business man in any suburban town, preoccupied mostly with her husband, her children and her home. She puts on no airs, does not fuss, does not pretend to be anything other than what she is: an average housewife, and a mother who tries very hard to be strict with her children, but whose heart often betrays her into being a little too lenient.

This is one of the few bones of contention between Dana and Mrs. Andrews. He wishes she'd be just a little bit stricter. When Mrs. Andrews has to leave the house, five-year-old Kathy sometimes bursts into loud wails, which Mrs. Andrews sometimes can't silence. If Dana is home, he says authoritatively, "Stop that, Kathy," and Kathy stops instantly, quelled by his resonant voice. "Now why can't you control Kathy?" he may ask Mrs. Andrews. She honestly doesn't know. But when she tries to scold Kathy, the ludicrousness of the situation is apt to strike her funnybone, and nullify her efforts.

Kathy and Stephen are hardly aware of the fact that their dad is an actor, but David, 13, is very much aware of it and it sometimes pains him. Not that he isn't proud of his father. But when school youngsters surround him begging for details about his father or yell, "Woo hoo, you're Dana Andrews' boy," at him, he finds it a little hard to take. He finds the feminine sex hard to understand anyway, and the feminine sex going soft

about a movie actor—even when that actor is his dad—is completely beyond the orbit of his masculine understanding. One day Mrs. Andrews came to school to drive him home, and one young girl, catching sight of her, began to giggle vociferously. Mrs. Andrews, convinced that her seams were straight and that her slip wasn't showing, wondered nervously what the girl was giggling about, and asked David.

"Oh, you just tell me what girls giggle about anyway," he said with a superior air.

Dana doesn't like to feel people staring at him either and consequently rarely eats out, yet though he isn't flattered by flustered fans, he can take them in his stride.

"Much better than I can," laughs Mrs. Andrews. She remembers the time when she and Dana went to a theatre in Greenwich, Connecticut, to catch a showing of "The Big Sleep." A bunch of youngsters in the theatre discovered Dana's presence there and began running up and down the aisles to take a better look at him. The girl sitting next to Dana kept leaning against him. Mrs. Andrews couldn't help being distracted. When the picture was over, she hadn't the faintest idea what the story was about, for she'd been so busy paying attention to the frantic fans that she hadn't been able to follow the ramifications of the plot. Dana, however, had been so absorbed in the picture that he obviously hadn't paid any attention to the leaning girl or the other fans, for he immediately began discussing the plot. It was clear that he was familiar with every detail of it.

"I'm getting used to all these things," Mrs. Andrews said, "and I've learned not to mind them any more. If Dana's head were turned by the flattery of the fans, I'd probably be very much upset, but I know how little it means to Dana."

Dana and Mary Todd (*her maiden name*) first met at the Pasadena Playhouse. They were cast together for the first time in a play called "Money." No such thing as love at first sight resulted. Dana, a widower, was not thinking of remarriage at the time, and hardly gave Mary a second thought. Mary thought Dana nice-looking and very neat and meticulous about the way he dressed. However, she had many friends, and it didn't occur to her then that he could ever become important in her life.

He didn't until a year or so later, when they were cast opposite each other in "First Lady." Over cokes they discovered each other for the first time. Mary was impressed because Dana had such a varied background. Most actors she knew had very limited backgrounds and their conversation was largely limited to the first person singular. Dana, on the other hand, liked books and music and knew a great deal about the world that existed outside the theatre. He had studied psychology in college, studied opera and held all sorts of odd jobs.

Their first dinner date occurred at the Rite Spot in Pasadena, a place which really hit the spot because of the excellent steaks it served. Dana and Mary both liked their steaks medium-rare and served with onion rings.

During this first date, Dana made some remark about not liking to see people get too plump. Mary, conscious of the fact that she was somewhat overweight, wondered if the remark was directed at her. In any event, she decided that she'd trim down. This wasn't difficult to do, because she was passing through the early stages of love and was much less interested in food than she'd ever been before. Dana, too, found his appetite diminishing. After the first date, when they were together, food seemed less and less interesting.

Dana, Mary says, never proposed in so many words, but began saying, "After we're married, let's do such and such." When Mary told her parents that she and Dana planned to be married, they were a bit dumbfounded, for they felt Mary was rather young to take on such a responsibility.

"Do you think it's wise," they asked her, "to start married life with a stepchild?"

Mary was so much in love that all things, including successfully managing such a marriage, seemed possible to her. And her faith was justified. They were married at Mary's home on November 17, 1939. When the ceremony was over, David went up to the minister and said very seriously, "Reverend Cornett, I want to thank you for what you did for Daddy and Mary."

Several times after that David shocked people by talking knowingly of the time he had been present at the wedding of his mother and daddy!

Mrs. Andrews is amused when women ask her, "Aren't you upset when your husband plays in torrid love scenes with beautiful actresses?"

"No, I'm not upset by such love scenes," says Mrs. Andrews. "I was in the theatre long enough to know the conditions under which movie people work. With technicians and hairdressers standing around constantly and directors telling the stars how far they have to stand from the cameras as they kiss, love scenes for the movies are not romantic. Under such circumstances, no actor could give way to real emotion. No love scene on the screen would ever bother me unless I knew that Dana was taking an interest in his leading lady outside of working hours."

When the fans get too rabid about Dana or too critical of her, Mary has one precious gift with which to console herself. It is a watch bracelet with Dana's handwriting engraved on the back of it. In that handwriting are written the indelible words, "To Mary with all my love. Dana."

Mary knows that the watch bracelet means everything it says. Consequently she feels pity and sympathy for those girls who pour out their ardent protestations of love to Dana. For she knows that while those girls may love Dana, Dana's love is anchored firmly to his family and his home. A woman who has all her husband's love can stand everything, even fans who shove her rudely out of the way while they flock around her husband. She knows how much more she and the children and their home mean to Dana than all this adulation possibly could.



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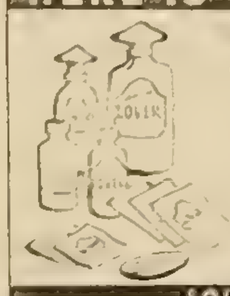
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My Daughter Angela

Continued from page 33

She is, being feminine as feminine, enormously interested in clothes. Again loves line, loves plain lovely line. Likes hats, too, but won't bother wearing them. Puts one on her head as she goes out. Tears it off her head before she gets out. In a hat shop, I have seen her try on sixteen hats and come out with none!

She is a marvelous cook. Can turn out a wonderful dinner and makes the most gorgeous cheesecake you ever ate. Very good, too, at doing the little hors d'oeuvres for the cocktail parties we love to give at home. She has the dainty touch.

She's ever so clever at dressmaking. "There is an affinity," she says, "between me—and a sewing machine!" Equally clever at interior decoration. In the house, the very modern house (*but cozy, too*) with its great banks of windows and disappearing bar, which we recently bought, in Hollywood, Angela's bedroom is done in gunmetal and white. White painted walls and all-white carved lamps and a white bed and white shades . . . an enormous picture window overlooking the Pacific.

As a youngster, she had a great many little girl friends. At a girls' school, as she was, she didn't meet many boys and so was rather slow in growing up that way, the "boy" way. I sometimes think her marriage to Richard Cromwell, which turned out to be a mistake, was a *young* mistake, made out of inexperience.

One of Angela's little girl friends—her best friend—was Audrey Hill. When Angela and Audrey were not laughing immoderately over goodness-knows-what, or reading the books of Havelock Ellis *(under the dining-room table!)* they were usually at the cinema. Angela *adored* movies. Had a terrible pash, I remember, for Errol Flynn. And for Maurice Chevalier. Among the girls, Olivia de Havilland was, and is, a great favorite. The rave picture was "Gone With The Wind."

Still a moviegoer, and still a fan, Angela has a tremendous admiration for Ingrid Bergman and for Deborah Kerr. She gets along splendidly with Deborah —good friends, the two of them today. Audrey Totter is a quite special friend of Angela's. Zachary Scott and his wife come often to our house and Angela is very fond, I know, of John Emery and Cesar Romero. As I write, as of this moment, the current boy friend, the steady date, is Peter Shaw.

Excepting only her fear of doctors, her fear of water and her conviction, which amounted to an obsession, that she would be in the theatre when she grew up, Angela was, I would say, an uncommon, normal little girl.

What gave her her fear of the water, I don't quite know. Unless it was sand, in which she was put to play as a toddler and which, it was found, irritated her skin, made her cry. At any rate, until she was two years old, we could not bathe her properly . . . only basin baths, with a sponge.

Her fear of doctors is, I am afraid, the result of my doing—or misdoing. When it became necessary for her to have her tonsils removed I, thinking I was doing her a kindness in not telling her what was in store for her until the very day of the tonsilectomy, did not tell her. Which—as the shock it was to her so unhappily proved—was mistaken kindness on my part.

Since I am an actress, and was very active in the London theatre during the time they were growing up, it is natural enough that both my daughters—Isolde, the child of my first husband, Reginald Denhman, and Angela, the child of my dear second husband, Edgar Lansbury, who died in London eleven years ago—should have wanted to be actresses from the time they were old enough to think what they wanted to be and to name it.

A book lover as ever was, from the time she could read words of one syllable, Angela would forego the most fabulous fiction if I would sit with her, before the fire, and talk about my experiences as leading lady to Charles Cherry, to Sir Gerald du Maurier, Herbert Marshall, the late Philip Merivale and others. She loved for me to talk about my work with the Abbey Theatre, in Ireland, and about, *especially* about the many silent films I made in London.

Fascinated, she would be. Spellbound. In fact, "Tell us 'actress' stories, Moe!" *("Moe" is my children's nickname for me)* were the words I heard most often, I suspect, from the small Angela.

She took more pride, I daresay, in the fact that her great-uncle was the late great actor, Robert Mantell, than that her grandfather, the Right Honorable George Lansbury, very prominent in political circles, was First Commissioner of Works.

She is still enormously interested in my career. *Loves* it when I make a picture. Was happy for me when I played a part, a small part, as it was, in "Green Dolphin Street;" thrilled when I got a part, quite a good comedy part it is, too, in "Three Daring Daughters." And she is terribly keen for me to do a stage play again. Equally, she is interested in Isolde who, still in England, and married to that extraordinary brilliant young man, Peter Ustinoff, is also in the theatre.

At any rate, "*I* am going to be an actress, too!" was, invariably, Angela's signature to the "actress" stories I told her when she was a little girl.

I believed her.

A bit shy, as a youngster, and really quite bad about performing for people, if she *had* to perform, at school, say, or because I asked it of her, she had then, as now, a wonderful way of coming up to a situation. At the age of twelve, for example, she won a scholarship to the Webber-Douglas Dramatic School in London, by virtue of doing the balcony scene from "Romeo And Juliet."

I believed her. I believed *in* her. I knew she would be an actress. I have, indeed, the utmost faith in her that she will have a great career as an actress. So much untouched emotion in Angela. So many untapped resources. So many facets.

I would like to say here that I am terribly disappointed her studio hasn't used her talent for comedy. She has *such* talent for comedy. That delicate sort of whimsical thing that, in my opinion, is the beautiful comedy.

And she has courage. She has really tremendous courage. And determination. Tremendous, unswerving, unbreakable determination.

When Angela was fourteen we came to America, as—perhaps you know—refugees from war-time England. We hadn't much money. We hadn't any money at all. The twins managed a scholarship at Choate School, which set us at ease about them. Eventually I got a job touring the Canadian provinces with Producer Herbert Wilcox's War Charities Show.

Meantime, however, Angela set about the business of starting her career by auditioning as a chanteuse for the Hotel One Fifth Avenue in New York. For her audition, she did a turn, an imitation of Bea Lillie singing "I Went To A Marvelous Party." But in spite of the fact that we got all our friends over there to applaud, "Too young," she was told, and did not get the job. After she had studied, for a time, at the Fagin Dramatic School (*where she was coached by that inimitable and unforgettable singer of songs, Fritzi Sheff*) she did get a job, singing at the very de luxe nightclub, Samovar, in Montreal, Canada. (*I had brought over a lot of my old evening dresses and, all over spangles as they were, we made them down for her.*)

It took courage for Angela to take the singing job. She didn't *want* to sing. She can sing. She could have been a singer, if she had bothered to get her voice trained. She didn't bother. Won't bother now. Doesn't like to sing. (*Except in the garden, kitchen, shower!*) But, at the time, it was the way to make some money. And, at the time, *any* way to make some money . . .

Immediately I finished my Canadian tour with Herbert Wilcox, Anna Neagle & Co., I left for Hollywood where, I hoped, there might be the chance of a part in the films. If there were a chance, I didn't get it. But Angela—Angela, I thought, would be certain to get a movie job. I wired her to come West. She came to Hollywood. Three months passed. She didn't get a movie job. Or even a foot in. We now hadn't *any* money at all. We lived in one room, the two of us. When the boys came home for weekends, from the Ojai Valley School, to which Choate had recommended them, they used to sleep on the floor! Yet we were, in this period that might have been so grim, SO gay. Angela has always been a terrifically good companion. A good sport. With a sense of humor that is as inexhaustible as it is sensitive and kindly. She was a good companion then. She said, we said together, "If only we can keep our end up, we have faith that we will get there!"

Desperate financially, however, we finally decided we had to get jobs in a department store. So we both went into Bullock's-Wilshire. We both got jobs.

But Angela wanted to be an *actress*. WAS, she knew—but how to make others know?—an actress. And so, at last, at many-months-long-last, the contract! The MGM contract! Will I ever forget it? Will Angela ever forget it? Will the the twins ever forget it?

Times were so bad for us, so lean, so thin, Angela had made her test—her first "in" in any studio—for the part she later played in "Dorian Gray." The studio had said, "Too young." Then I heard, through our good friend, the late Dame May Whitty, that Director George Cukor and Producer Arthur Hornblow were looking for a girl to play the Cockney maid in "Gaslight."

Now, if only her studio will use her talent for comedy . . . if only she need play no more of the sordid character parts she has done so often. Too often.

As a peace-loving and amenable-to-reason girl as you could hope to find in the Hollywoods, when she first signed her contract with MGM, Angela resolved never to worry about, never to fight against any role the studio might assign her but to hold fast to the belief that Studio Knows Best. And so she did, until—until she was cast as the horrible small-souled woman in "If Winter Comes." She was thrilled, of course, to be playing opposite Walter Pidgeon, but was appalled by the part of the wife, who is not only inwardly warped and wicked, but also physically unattractive—*dreadfully* unattractive.

After the picture was previewed, she was completely heartsick. She was positive that, after producers saw her as this repulsive woman, they would never want her for a young attractive part. As a matter of fact, she became so ill over it that she asked for a month's vacation, got it and drove across country, from Hollywood to New York, seeking to escape, to forget . . . (*the fact that her favorite date, Peter Shaw, was also in New York at the time made the "escape" gayer, I am sure, than it might otherwise have been!*)

Just one week after she arrived in New York, however, MGM wired her to come back—and for the very finest role of her career, a role for which many fine actresses had tested—that of *Kay Thorndyke*, the newspaper publisher, in "State Of The Union!"

Angela didn't wait to re-wire MGM. She telephoned. Half a breath after she'd told the studio she would be back at once, she asked, "But how did I get the role? How come? I don't even know Frank Capra, the director-producer . . ."

"He saw you as the embittered wife in 'If Winter Comes,'" a complacent voice told her; adding, "That's how."

Angela is really a deeply religious person, in a fundamental, non-sectarian way. She believes that if she sort of lets the Divine Force come into her, work in her, does her best every hour of every day but does not try to force things, the pattern which is for her will work out.

Angela is not in the slightest superstitious. She will have no part of fortune-tellers, clairvoyants and the like. She feels that astrology limits you, in its premise that what you do, or do not do, on a certain day, is preordained and inflexible. She believes, in short, that SHE—if in tune with the Divine Force—is the master of her Fate. And in this faith, which is all her own, she rests content.

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Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 14

Key Largo
Warners

THE screen version of Maxwell Anderson's play is a suspenseful, dramatic and brutal episode in a virtually empty hotel on the tropical island of *Key Largo*. Gangsters, hiding out there, meet up with cynical ex-Army officer Humphrey Bogart, visiting the owner (*Lionel Barrymore*) and his daughter-in-law (*Lauren Bacall*), whose late husband had been Bogart's buddy. A hurricane is responsible for subsequent events, which include the gradual deterioration of the gang's leader (*Edward G. Robinson*), several murders and near-murders. It's intensely exciting, the mood is contagious, and there are few improbable incidents. A special laurel should be handed Claire Trevor for her portrayal of Robinson's dipsomaniac girlfriend.

Rope
Warners

FOR the first time in cinematic history, a film has been recorded exactly like a play: the action, which covers an hour and a half, all takes place in one small apartment. Technicolor is used to create mood and the slight change in time. Never before has murder been treated with such *aplomb* nor with such psychopathic connotations. And it's been a long time since the climax has been quite as tense or exciting. This is probably the best of Alfred Hitchcock's thrillers—certainly it's his greatest contribution to motion pictures' artistic development. James Stewart, Farley Granger, Joan Chandler and especially John Dall are expert in their respective featured roles (*we won't tell you more, since the plot is so unusual*), as are character actors Edith Evanson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Constance Collier. This picture is a "must" for every moviegoer, for seeing it is a major emotional experience.

Give My Regards to Broadway
20th Century-Fox

THIS was probably meant to be another "Mother Wore Tights," but it doesn't quite measure up. Charles Winninger is an old-time vaudevillian who won't admit the demise of his theatrical medium and wants his family to follow in his footsteps. His talented son (*Dan Dailey, who doesn't get to dance enough*) and his daughters (*Barbara Lawrence and Jane Nigh*) are put through their paces while Dad works in a factory. One by one, the kids abandon his plans for eventual recognition on Broadway. Finally, Dad accepts the situation, mostly because of his son's superior baseball playing. Nancy Guild, as the boy's sweetheart, Charlie Ruggles as Dad's agent, and especially Fay Bainter, as the mother, are excellent.

Beyond Glory
Paramount

A VERY good story suffers from a too static treatment: much of it takes place in one room, which is usually bad on the screen, and its direction gives the film an illusion of slow motion. A war veteran (*Alan Ladd*), who enlists at West Point, has a guilt complex because he thinks he was responsible for the death of his superior officer. His reactions are such that a suit is brought against the Academy by a student's father who accuses Ladd of brutality. The film has interesting and factual shots of West Point, where much of it was made. Ladd, whose part is entirely different for him, and Donna Reed, the girl who loves and helps him, are excellent. So are Henry Travers, George Macready and George Coulouris in supporting roles.

Escape
20th Century-Fox

A WAR veteran (*Rex Harrison*) unconsciously gets himself embroiled in an English park fight, and is subsequently jailed. He can't stand unjustified imprisonment, and escapes. Much of the picture has to do with his trek across the country. The most interesting incidents are his surprise meeting with the daughter (*Peggy Cummins*) of an impoverished landowner who instinctively trusts, helps and loves him, and his encounter with a Minister of the Church who convinces him to give himself up. Neither role seems worthy of the two principals, but they do well enough. Several vistas of the English countryside are worth seeing.

Mine Own Executioner
20th Century-Fox

IT'S doubtful if the screen has ever given psychiatry such sympathetic treatment before. This picture, made in England, deals with a lay-psychiatrist (*Burgess Meredith*) who's too busy and preoccupied with the problems of his varied patients to straighten out his own personal life. A crisis is reached when a schizophrenic (*Kieron Moore*) he's treating kills his wife (*Barbara White*) and then himself, and the psychiatrist is almost convicted of guilt for both deaths. The simple, extraordinarily natural dialog pokes gentle fun at the less serious aspects of mental therapy—ostensibly proving that some psychiatrists don't take themselves too seriously—yet it also gives a clear picture of what this science is striving for.

A Date with Judy
MGM

THIS motion picture, based on the radio show of the same name, is equally charming and amusing. *Judy* is played by Songstress Jane Powell, who temporarily neglects her boy friend (*Scotty Beckett*) for an older and, to her, more fascinating man (*Bob Stack*), who is interested in her girl friend (*Elizabeth Taylor*). The latter is so breathtakingly beautiful it will be difficult for the moviegoer to concentrate on anyone else. Jane's wonderfully natural and lovable parents (*Selena Royle and Wallace Beery*) and Elizabeth's muddled father (*Leon Ames*)

are also topnotch. The story of the ups and downs of a romantic and super-sensitive teen-ager is excellently done. And in Technicolor, too.

Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'

Universal-International

THIS is so completely mad it's great fun even though it makes very little sense. It takes place in a really small town which depends on an annual foot race for its sustenance. Circumstances force its mayor (*Marjorie Main*) and her sidekick (*Percy Kilbride*) to abduct a vendor of hair tonics (*Donald O'Connor*) because he can run real fast. Life becomes unbearable for the young man, except for his rare moments with the mayor's niece (*Penny Edwards*). It all turns out for the best, of course, and there is much kidding of worn-out movie cliches that's quite hilarious.

Lulu Belle

Columbia

THE old Broadway hit by Charles MacArthur and Edward Sheldon comes to the screen with Dorothy Lamour in the title role. It's the story of a beautiful nightclub singer who works herself up from a small town dive to the better New York spots. She accomplishes this by marrying a rising young lawyer (*George Montgomery*) and making the most of her great attraction for three other men. All of these come to no good, but not before Dottie has decided that she loves her abandoned and wronged husband after all, and tries a reconciliation. It's gay in spots, dramatic in others, but the story seems corny now and some of the dated dialog undoubtedly will provoke a few snickers.

The Gallant Legion

Republic

THERE'S a better story than usual in this exciting Western of brave Texas rangers and brutal renegades. A girl reporter (*Adrian Booth*), who's engaged to the gang's leader (*Bruce Cabot*) and is the niece of his stooge (*Joseph Schildkraut*), manages to stay at the Rangers' headquarters so she can get a true picture of the gang's goings-on which are shocking the nation. She soon falls in love with a handsome rancher (*William Elliott*) who has joined the Rangers. All performances are good and there isn't a slow moment in the picture.

River Lady

Universal-International

A HANDSOME, he-man lumberjack (*well played by Rod Cameron*) becomes involved with the proprietress of a river boat (*Yvonne De Carlo*) who loves him, but wants to reduce him to her own specifications. Her partner in crime (*Dan Duryea*) is in love with her and hates Cameron, which leads to all kinds of complications. Starlet Helena Carter gives a refreshing performance as a girl who really knows what she wants and gets it. Rod's pal, Lloyd Gough, is an interesting type also worth watching.

Bad Sister

Universal-International

MADE in England, it's the story of two women betrayed by men, each in her own way. A girl of the tenements (*Joan Greenwood*) finds herself in a penitentiary because she attempted to kill herself and illegitimate child. When she explains the facts to the ex-socialite warden (*Margaret Lockwood*), she hears the latter's interesting story about frustration in upper circles, and the two become friends. At the trial, the warden convinces the jury that the girl is the victim of circumstances, and incidentally straightens out her own life. There are too many flashbacks to give the picture smoothness, and it's sometimes confusing, but pretty Joan Greenwood has an intensity and personality which will probably win her quick recognition here.

Hollywood's Mrs. Babe Ruth Talks About The Babe!

Continued from page 23

ingly realistic. You could see the memory of the cruel indifference he originally suffered temporarily stunning him once more. No wonder his life became a fight for recognition and has been magnificently highlighted by his passionate friendliness for kids.

The Babe never says children. An eternal kid himself, he always says *kids*. And contends constantly that every one deserves a helping hand. He got his in that Catholic school to which he was delivered. The kind brother of the Xaverian Order who had charge of him there changed the course of the Babe's life.

He got his nickname at nineteen when he clicked as a terrific left-handed pitcher in the major leagues. His frisky vitality was far too breathtaking for his given name of George. In his second season, at twenty, he became the top pitcher in the American League. In his twenty-two years as a major league player—which is twice as long as the average man lasts—he never once threw to a wrong base!

I think his slip, when he got out of shape after his first flush of success, is such a typically normal reaction. He admits he went on a grand and glorious spree as money flowed in on the heels of adulation. He earned two million dollars altogether, counting his additional income from indorsements, movie appearances and writing. He ate ten meals a day some days. He sported the most dazzling cars. There was no limit to his generosity. He had to learn the meaning of self-control, something every champion knows if he is the real thing.

I suspect we all have to retrace our steps some time or another, and that's why the Babe's comeback is such a heartwarming chapter. "They" said he was finished. The "experts" claimed his legs had been too slim to carry him further, anyway. Then the Babe taught them the lesson every champ teaches: the impossible *can be*. He determined to come back, settled down to do it. Sticking to a strict training schedule, becoming a genuine homebody, he proved he was no quitter. Two years after he was suppos-



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edly washed up he triumphantly smacked out his unequalled sixty home runs in his top season. He went on to pile up an ultimate seven hundred twenty-nine home runs as his total record, a mark still towering in baseball. He only needed to get his second wind. And there's a moral to that for all of us, I think.

I'm sure you will be as pleased as the Babe is with Bill Bendix's superb portrayal of him. When Bill steps into a pitch to swing out home runs he does it just as the Babe did. Bill worked for months in advance of shooting on copying all the Babe's mannerisms, and he did all his own batting—no double!—in the picture.

Bill's own ruggedness and his evident love for children, added to his acting ability, made him the only logical choice to play the Babe. What it meant to him personally is another inside tale. There is his own memory of growing up only three blocks from the Polo Grounds, where the Babe and the Yankees were holding forth then. Bill, as a kid himself, was an ardent bat boy for the Yankees and the Babe was his hero. He recalls running after hot dogs "with plenty of mustard" for the Babe when he managed a promotion to a sweeping-up and errand boy status in the Yankees' clubhouse.

The only makeup Bill uses involves his nose. He needed a broader tip to more nearly resemble the Babe, and so each day of shooting a sponge rubber nosepiece was added to him.

This film has given me many thrills, not the least being my chance to portray a "good woman" for a change. I have been stuck in such a series of grim, hard-boiled parts, as you may have noticed, that I was tickled silly when the Babe's life let me be a successful, normal human being at last! It's the first time I've ever enacted a live person, also. What's more, by a strange coincidence my name in the picture is Claire, for that happens to be Mrs. Ruth's name.

When I could get Mrs. Ruth away for a little from the Babe I plied her with questions, naturally, to satisfy my own curiosity. Calling each other Claire seemed to put us both at ease. I made no attempt to imitate her, as Bill did the Babe. The director felt that recreating the sort of woman she was and is was my aim. The first thing I had to do when we met was apologize for the gray hair that streaks mine in the closing scene of the film. Mrs. Ruth, who was the daughter of a Georgia judge and was reared on a plantation, went to New York to become a Ziegfeld Follies beauty. She still has stunning black hair. I darkened mine until that last shot—then they insisted no one would believe she still looks so young.

I wanted to know about their home life now. The Ruths have lived on Riverside Drive ever since they married nineteen years ago. The nine-room apartment they have now is, above all else, designed for comfort. Instead of calling in a decorator, Mrs. Ruth has primarily suited her husband. What impressed me most about her was this whole devotion to him.

I discovered two traits we had in common. We both admire women who are athletic and can cook, but we've no flair along those lines and we agreed a woman doesn't have to pretend to hold a man's interest. In spite of all the counsel about sharing a man's sports with him, Mrs. Ruth has never attempted to play baseball. Nor to golf with the Babe. (*He was the Yankees' champion golfer, could drive 375 yards and putt 45 feet.*) Nor to accompany him on his hunting and fishing jaunts.

He's frankly sentimental, and that she loves in him. Some of his many trophies decorate the foyer of their home He keeps the Japanese trophies he won in '34 on their living-room mantel. (*He took the All-American baseball team he picked that year to Japan and so captured affection there that they officially celebrate* Babu Rusu Day *as an annual holiday.*)

You can guess how agog Hollywood itself was with the Babe's presence. His cottage at the Beverly Hills Hotel was besieged with phone calls. Our amateur baseball players, such as Bing Crosby, who worked out with the Pittsburgh Pirates this past Spring since he's now one of their owners, Gene Kelly, Tyrone Power, Dane Clark and Joe E. Brown, were as goggle-eyed as the Babe's youngest fan. Louella Parsons captured him as guest star for her radio show, and when the Babe went out to 20th Century-Fox to discuss that appearance with Dan Dailey, who teamed with him for it, that entire studio quit work for the rest of that day! Betty Grable began begging for autographs for Harry James, her daughter Vicky, and herself, and then the other stars, directors, grips and electricians swarmed over him.

Ever since his serious sickness of a year and a half ago, when he bravely gambled on a new serum that had never been used before, the Babe has constantly worn the religious medals that kids who love him had blessed and sent him. Although he still isn't in good health, he's as far from quitting as he ever was. He's got a job, one that's big enough for a man of the Babe's capacity. As athletic consultant for the Ford Motor Company, he flew 46,000 miles last Summer in the DC-6 placed at his disposal to coach as many kids in playing ball as he possibly could. The Ford people, as a public service in conjunction with the American Legion, have organized 10,000 junior baseball teams throughout the country. It's an all-out attempt to help underprivileged kids who might otherwise stray onto the wrong path, with the Babe himself at the helm. More than one million boys are swinging their bats now in these amateur games he's sponsoring. All of them wonder when he'll drop in on them.

He's been honored with a national Babe Ruth Day in all the professional ball parks in the United States. But, much as that warmed his heart, *doing* will always be paramount with him. He's got to encourage the kids who need a helping hand now to go and win a zillion games. He wants to give them his personal advice. And so he's touring the land again. With Mrs. Ruth, of course, right at his side.

Take it from me—there's only one beloved Babe. And I'm proud to have touched his life, as his screen wife!

Cobina Wright's Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 37

Waltz,' the coiffure of an Austrian Duchess was even more elaborate. I really began to develop a phobia about seeing the hairdresser and I made up my mind that as soon as the picture was finished, I was going to get the shortest, simplest bob I could wear. Besides, I won't have to worry about a new hair-do for a picture until after the baby is born, so I feel positively light-headed!"

I encountered Dixie Crosby sampling the wonderful lobster supreme and I must say that she looked like a debutante in a bouffant white dress. In fashion fact, many of the gowns were white, Anita Colby giving hers an added fillip with a tomato-red taffeta cape, while Maureen O'Hara employed yards and yards of white tulle as a setting for her emeralds and the new tinge to her tresses. She has lightened her hair from dark auburn to flaming orange.

Another "first" for the month was the initial "Lambs' Gambol." As you probably know, the "Lambs" is the oldest legitimate theatre organization in the country. But, since so many of their members have migrated camera-wards from the 49th St. Headquarters in New York, the active members were determined to have their own West Coast branch.

Their first Hollywood "Gambol" the other evening proved a huge success. They took over the ornate mezzanine ballroom of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

After a regal feast of caviar and squab (*mouton was not on the menu*) the members, including such "newtimers" as Dan Dailey, Joe Cook, Jr., and John Mitchum, Bob's younger brother, joined hands with veteran actors Otto Kruger, Victor Moore, Alan Hale and Joseph Santley to stage a really hilarious revue.

There was a wonderful parody on Irving Berlin's "Show Business," a clever tap routine by Dan Dailey, who dances well enough to make Gene Kelly watch his step, and a panic of a parody on a sagebrush saga with all the rough and tough, hard ridin' and straight-shootin' characters sporting broad English accents.

Dennis Day sang, George Jessel and Rupert Hughes acted as masters of ceremonies and the whole evening was one of spontaneous laughter. Joining in the fun I noticed Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea, Herbert Marshall and his lovely "Boots," Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin.

I watched the lovely Esther Williams perform extemporaneously the other evening at Larry Potter's smart Supper Club over in San Fernando Valley. Esther, her husband, Ben Gage, Eleanor Powell and hubby Glenn Ford, Joan Davis, Estelle Taylor and a number of filmland favorites turned out for the opening of Arthur Blake, the clever impersonator and comedian. They all came for Arthur's opening and then proceeded to take over the whole show. Esther sang, Glenn gave impersonations, Eleanor danced and it was truly an all-star event.

Afterward I remarked on what a wonderful voice Esther Williams had and she told me that the studio had been making her keep it under water! But now, it seems, she is to shelve her bathing suits and work with a voice coach, for in her next picture, "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," Esther is going to sing with Frank Sinatra and dance with Gene Kelly!

Among the most memorable farewell parties was the one which Maria Montez and her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, gave for the Parisian designer, Jacques Fath, and his lovely wife.

For Maria's party to bid her guests goodbye, the glamourous and exotic star wore one of the new black net ballerina dresses which Jacques Fath had designed especially for her. The party brought out all the French members of the film colony, Charles Boyer, the Louis Jourdans, the Baroness d'Erlanger and they all wound up the evening by talking on the trans-Atlantic phone to Annabella in Paris.

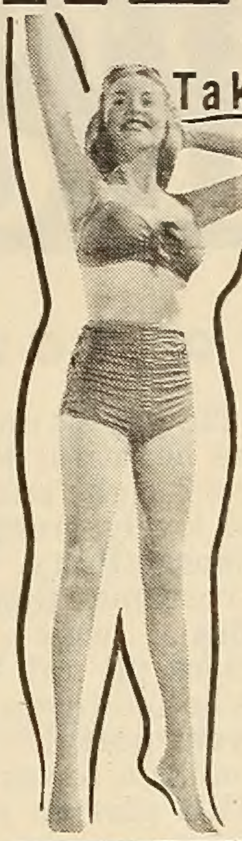
For refreshment, Maria arranged for a French chef to prepare, as ambrosia for the champagne nectar, the most divine "coquignol." This is made with creamed chicken and crabmeat baked in halves of avacadoes with a melted cheese sauce.

Not to be outdone, our British colony turned out in full force to bid farewell to Gloria Medina, Pat (*Mrs. Richard Green*) Medina's sister, who is on her way back to England. Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, her husband, the Ronald Colmans, the Brian Ahernes, Edna Best, Sir Charles Mendl and Atwater Kent were all on hand to wish Gloria bon voyage.

Laugh of the month was had at the farewell cocktail party which Greer Garson gave for Otto Preminger who was on his way East. Edgar Bergen and I strolled out to the pool for a breath of fresh air and there, in the late afternoon sunshine, we found Ken Murray, the comedian producer, who won that special Academy Award for his bird picture, "Bill and Coo."

Ken was munching on a canape and nervously eyeing two doves circling overhead. Spotting us he exclaimed, "Please tell them to go away. I'm not casting!"

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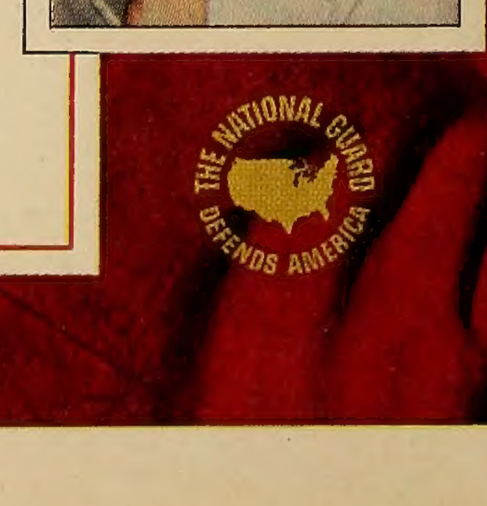
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